NAVY SEAL

(SEAWORTHY)

by

Gary Goldman

and

Chuck Pfarrer

January 22, 1988
Re-write of NAVY SEAL
by Chuck Pfarrer
ORION PICTURES, INC.

WILD BLUE YONDER

It's a gorgeous day at 26,000 feet.

An F-14 TOMCAT FIGHTER floats into frame. You recognize its knife-like shape from TOP GUN.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

MEDITERRANIAN SEA, NORTH AFRICA

INT. F-14 - DAY

The PILOT cruises the skies on routine Combat Air Patrol for his carrier. In the back seat, the RADIO INTERCEPT OFFICER (RIO) adjusts a dial at his console. Around them, empty air and flat water.

RIO
Man, this is worse than driving through West Texas.

PILOT
You ready to head back to the ranch?

Rio checks out his instrument panel, jammed with radar displays and complicated communications and encryption equipment. He gets no readings for air traffic.

RIO
Yeah. My ass is gettin' sore.

Pilot banks the plane into a lazy right-hand turn. A plume of oily black smoke comes into view on the horizon.

PILOT
You see what I see?

RIO
Ooowweee! Somebody's havin a barbecue. What do you make of that?

PILOT
Looks like a vessel, on fire. I make it about 2-7-0, thirty miles.

The Tomcat drops down and flies closer to a junk FREIGHTER. The smoke issues from a fire below deck. The rusting hulk lists precariously.

PILOT (cont'd)
See if Ball Park's got anything.

RIO
Ball Park, this is Sherlock. I have a visual. Unknown surface contact, my bearing 270 range 1-5. Vessel apears to be on fire. Do you read any SOS?

BALL PARK (O.S.)
Negative, Sherlock. Ballpark holds no contacts in your sector. You are directed to investigate.

PILOT
(squints)
Well, let's go down and see what's for lunch.

The Tomcat dips closer and banks around the other side of the ship. Several small speedboats hover near the burning wreck, which has a large hole in the hull above the water line.

RIO
She's a mess, pardner.

DECK OF SPEED BOAT

FOUR PALESTINIAN GUERRILLAS and one ORIENTAL ADVISER gaze up with concern at the Tomcat as it buzzes closer. As soon as the jet passes, the Palestinian in charge, ABU JIHAD, gives an order. A FIFTH GUERRILLA stands up with a portable Strella missile launcher on his shoulder, takes aim at the back of the fighter, and FIRES.

INT. BACKSEAT OF F-14

The cockpit is pierced by the shrill noise of the MISSILE ALARM. On Rio's console, the MISSILE LIGHT flashes red.

RIO
What the fuck?! Somebody's got a lock!!

PILOT
You gotta be shitting me!

Pilot cranks a wicked left turn. Rio checks his instruments.

RIO
It's still got us.

Pilot tries another manuever. Rio turns around in his seat. The on-coming Strella is heading right at them.

RIO (cont'd)
It's on our ass, man!!

The little bugger flies right up the tail pipe: KAA-BOOM!

Shrapnel tears through the canopy. Sparks fly. Alarms SHRIEK. Pilot wrestles desperately with the stick, but the plane rolls into an UNCONTROLLED SPIN. The water is coming up fast.

PILOT
I'm losing it, Scott! Get out a Mayday!

RIO
Ball Park, this is Sherlock, Mayday! Mayda! Mayday!

Pilot tries to reach his hand from the stick. The force of the spin pins him to the side of the cockpit, preventing him from hitting the ejection handle.

PILOT
Can't...get the...handle....SCOTT, PUNCH OUT!!! PUNCH OUT!!! PUNCH OUT!!!

Rio tries to lift his hands to the thick, red-striped bar.

The tumbling plane is only a few hundred feet from the drink.

Rio pulls down on the handle.

With a deafening ROAR, the canopy flies away, and both airmen are ROCKETED from the tumbling aircraft. Two seconds later, the speeding Tomcat SMASHES into the ocean in a tremendous fireball.

BLACKOUT

THEN....on the soundtrack, "LOUIE, LOUIE" by the Kingsmen.

ORION PICTURES PRESENTS....

EXT. THE PORTSIDE - LITTLE CREEK, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

EIGHT HARLEYS are parked in front of a waterside bar. "LOUIE, LOUIE" blares from inside.

The swinging doors blow open, and a BIKER executes a somersault onto the sidewalk. Glass SHATTERS, and he is joined a second later by a MARINE who executes the same maneuver out a window. What a party!

INT. THE PORTSIDE

Inside, a DOZEN BIKERS battle an equal number of US MARINES. The Sands of Iwo Jima were tame compared to this.

Tracking through the fight, we find the calm at the eye of the storm. Seemingly oblivious to the donnybrook raging about them, TWO NAVY SEALS in khaki uniform put the moves on the same gorgeous redhead, DONNA. Both wear the twin bars of full lieutenants and pack a hefty stack of ribbons.

Of the two SEALs, the swashbuckler is GENE HAWKINS, 29. He's got the swagger and flamboyance of a buccaneer -- everything but the bandanna. Raised in Montana, Hawkins is untamed and unstoppable. He's scornful of just about everybody who isn't a Seal, and loyal to everyone who is.

The gentleman is CURRAN WILDER, 27. Handsome but no Adonis, powerful but not threatening, Curran exudes a natural authority that people accept without resentment. You have to look closely to see the burning intensity under the self-control.

GRETA, a feisty old barmaid, sets down a couple of beers. She's even less interested in the fight than the Seals are.

HAWKINS
And Greta, whip up a Flamethrowers for Donna here, okay? She's never had one before.

Hawkins winks to Greta, who's in cahoots, then turns to Donna.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Now where were we?

DONNA
Honduras.

Hawkins points to each of his ribbons in turn and continues explaining them.

HAWKINS
Right. And this is for combat in Lebanon; 200 jumps; saving some guy's life...

CURRAN
...Getting venereal disease in the Philippines.

Donna blanches.

HAWKINS
He's just kidding.

Donna touches Hawkins' large SPECIAL WARFARE BADGE.

DONNA
What's this?

HAWKINS
That, my dear, means that I don't have to prove my manhood in a barfight.

Behind Hawkins, A BIKER fires a punch at a BIG MARINE. The Marine ducks and the punch lands squarely on Hawkins.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
(wiping up his beer)
That is, unless I feel like it.

Hawkins stands and dispatches the Biker with a punch and an elbow. The Biker's friend descends on Hawkins.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
(to Redhead)
Will you excuse me for a minute?

Hawkins wades into the fray on the side of the Marines. He jukes, parries, and punches, sending a series of Bikers to the sloppy floor.

MARINE
Way to go, sailor.

Unfazed, Curran remains zeroed in on the BRUNETTE.

CURRAN
It's getting noisy in here. -- What do you say we go back to my place and open a bottle of champagne?

BRUNETTE
What about your friend?

Hawkins takes a couple of hard punches.

CURRAN
He doesn't like champagne.

Curran leaves some money on the bar and prepares to leave.

GRETA
Yo! Curran!

Curran turns around and sees Greta holding the receiver of the pay phone. He turns to the Brunette.

CURRAN
Don't move. I'll be right back.

Curran takes the phone at the corner of the bar, but can't hear the voice on the other end.

CURRAN
(shouts to mob)
Hey! Hold it down in here!

The only person who pays the least attention is the nearest Biker, who sneers and fires a haymaker at Curran. Curran deflects the punch with the armored cord of the telephone, loops the cord around the biker's wrist, and smashes his head into the phone box. Curran pushes the dazed Biker backwards into the melee.

Curran returns to the telephone conversation.

CURRAN
Now what was that again?
(suddenly serious)
Right away. Yes, sir.

Curran hangs up and looks around the bar for Hawkins. There he is -- upstairs on a small balcony next to the restrooms, duking it out with a Biker.

CURRAN
Hawkins!

Hawkins keeps fighting, leaning the Biker precariously over the banister.

CURRAN
HAWKINS!!!

Hawkins stops himself with his arm cocked back and looks around for Curran.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Unhand that man.

HAWKINS
Just a second.

Hawkins winds up again.

CURRAN
I said unhand that man.

Hawkins shrugs and releases his grip on the Biker, who tumbles over the rail and falls onto two brawling combatants.

HAWKINS
What's so important?

CURRAN
Recall.

HAWKINS
Ohhhh.

Hawkins vaults over the railing and lands on his feet -- just in time to see a Biker fist coming his way. He ducks and the punch catches Curran.

As Curran shakes off the blow, Hawkins returns fire, knocking down the Biker. Donna runs up to Hawkins.

DONNA
What's going on?

HAWKINS
We gotta go.

DONNA
Where?

Hawkins pulls Donna to him and kisses her.

HAWKINS
If I told you that, sweetheart, I'd have to kill you.

Before Donna can figure out if he's on the level, Hawkins pulls Curran through the crowd.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Let's get the hell out of here, bubba, before we get the shit beat out of us.

They disappear through the swinging doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - MONROE NAVAL AIR STATION - NIGHT

The EAR SPLITTING WHINE of turbo props. CREWMEN and CARGO HANDLERS load pallets up the rear ramp of a camouflaged C-130 transport. Curran and Hawkins stand on the runway and direct traffic.

TEN NAVY SEALS load weapons and check equipment, moving with precision and purpose. They are attired in a variety of civilian and military outfits, no two patterns of camouflage or aloha shirt quite the same. These guys look like "Apocolypse Now" meets "Animal House".

BIG DOG slips 40mm grenade rounds into an exotic looking "fighting vest." His chest is completely covered by velcro pockets closed over what looks like about a megaton of high-explosive. Big Dog concentrates intensely, psyching himself up.

EDWARD "JEEZE" TUCKER, white, perfect and born again, walks by with a customized laser sighted, .70 sniper rifle that looks like something out of STAR WARS. Jeeze's religious bent sets him somewhat apart from the others, but his operational skills make him an integral member of the unit.

THE OWL, early forties, threads a thick, black silencer onto a 9mm pistol - a deadly little combo known in the teams as a "Hush Puppy." Physically unimpressive, the Owl has ice water in his veins.

Curran confers with MASTER CHIEF HAROLD MAHALA (aka "KAHUNA"). The platoon's senior enlisted member, demo expert, and den mother, Kahuna is a hulking native Hawaiian.

CURRAN
Whatta we got?

KAHUNA
First Squad, all present. Boat crew three is still missing the dynamic duo.

Curran looks at his watch.

CURRAN
Where are those clowns?

From around the one of the hangars, a woodie station wagon SCREECHES onto the tarmac with a lunatic standing on top, ROOF-SURFING. The daredevil is "HOLLYWOOD" VILLARD, the platoon's acrobatic, black air operations expert.

The woodie is driven by Hollwood's opposite number, WIPEOUT, a blond surfer who seems laid back even when he's in a

panic. The car noses to a stop at the rear of the aircraft, next to CAPTAIN DUNN, commanding officer of the East Coast Seal Teams.

CAPTAIN DUNN
The Navy didn't spend megabucks on your training, Hollywood, so you could wind up as road pizza.

HOLLYWOOD
Gotta dare to be great, skipper.

As Hollywood passes him on the ramp, big, bad, bald MONGO gets an eyeful of his Hawaiian shirt. It's so awful, it transcends taste.

MONGO
(Heavy southern accent)
Hey Hollywood, nice shirt. --
What'ya feed it ?

HOLLYWOOD
(pretend malice)
Honkies.

One of the Cargo Handlers turns to another and sighs.

CARGO HANDLER #1
There's gotta be some mistake.
These guys are the best we've got?

CARGO HANDLER #2
Kinda hard to believe, hunh?

Wipeout carries his gear to the ramp of the aircraft and throws his keys to a Cargo handler friend.

WIPEOUT
(to Curran)
What is it? Another exercise...?

CURRAN
Real world, Wipeout. Somebody splashed a Tomcat, and Uncle Sam wants his pilots back.

WIPEOUT
All right!

As Wipeout enthusiastically enters the plane, Curran smiles at Hawkins.

CURRAN
We're waltzing into the training camp of the meanest terrorist in
(MORE)

CURRAN (CONT'D)
the world, outnumbered two hundred to twelve, and he thinks it's fun.

HAWKINS
You mean it's not?

Curran signals Captain Dunn that he's ready to go.

CUT TO:

INT. TROOP COMPARTMENT OF C141 TRANSPORT - NIGHT

Nylon jump seats, red light, electrical cables, equipment, covered pallets. The interior is filled with everything the Team might need to wage a small war. The Seals are now in uniform, with wide latitude given for personal customization.

It's quiet time on the plane. The minutes pass slowly.

Curran and Hawkins pour over some maps and tide charts.

Jeeze reads the Bible.

FREAK, the wise-ass red-haired radioman, reads an X-rated underground comic book.

Mongo cleans his huge M-60 machine gun.

Wipeout artistically applies green and black camouflage paint to his face from a "compact.".

Kahuna snores.

RAMOS, the lithe Filipino point man, does yoga.

RUDY "BABALOO" CUZCO, a short Cuban-American built like a fireplug, plays gin rummy with DOC LEARY, a salty Irish street kid from South Boston. Doc is a hard-fightng medical corpsman, gun in one hand, syringe in the other. He's got the bedside manner of Dr. Mengele.

DOC
Gin.

Babaloo curses in Spanish and counts the points in his hand.

BABALOO
Ten, fourteen, nineteen, forty-four. I'm saving <u>my</u> luck for when I need it.

The Owl calmly tears a check from his checkbook, puts it in an envelope, licks the flap, and sets it in a pile with a few bills he's paying.

Curran and Hawkins talk strategy over some maps when an Air Force CREWMAN hands Curran a sheet of teletype paper.

CREWMAN
Weather is a go.

Curran turns to the group.

CURRAN
All right, the jump is on.
...Anybody wanna quit?

CUT TO:

THE REAR OF THE FUSELAGE

opens up and the sky becomes the fourth wall of the aircraft. The ROAR OF THE ENGINES. The HOWL OF THE WIND. Outside, clouds rip past. This mother is moving.

Thirteen Seals are outfitted with wet suits, fins, scuba gear, parachutes, and jump helmets. Their faces are covered with CAMOUFLAGE PAINT in distinctive patterns. Weapons in place, they stand in a line by the door.

Hawkins takes a wad of chewing gum from his mouth and sticks it on Curran's jump helmet. Curran looks around, but Hawkins is too swift to be detected.

On the doorframe, the light turns RED.

KAHUNA
STAND BY!
(mock motherly)
And for God's sake, be careful.

The light on the doorway turns green. Kahuna gives the order to jump in a high-pitched BARK.

KAHUNA (cont'd)
GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!...

Thirteen Seals are out the door in 10 seconds. Curran is last.

EXT. FIFTEEN THOUSAND FEET - NIGHT

A dark blue sky, millions of stars, no land in sight. With the moon over their shoulders, the jumpers fall in a tight knot, flat and stable. Nothing fancy.

Hollywood flies over to Mongo, who is not enjoying this. They link up in the air. All grins, Hollywood backs away, does a flip, and hooks back up with Mongo. Very impressive. He indicates that Mongo should do the same.

Mongo grits his teeth and flips Hollywood the finger.

Down, down, down, through an endless tableau of clouds and stars, like a free fall through outer space.

Mongo checks his altimeter, waves off, pulls his rip-cord. WHHOOMP, his parachute explodes from his back -- a perfect opening.

MONGO
Thank you, Jesus.

All around him, parachutes blossom.

Hawkins hurriedly goes about loosening straps and toggles, making his equipment ready for water entry.

The Owl is way ahead of him. He casually screws the silencer onto his CAR-15 submachine gun, then places the scuba regulator into his mouth.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Green -- infinite, emerald green. SPLASH!

A Seal enters his natural habitat and effortlessly slips out of the parachute harness. He is joined underwater by another Seal, then another.

The men form into pairs. One man in each couple produces an ATTACK BOARD, a small plexiglass kickboard containing instruments that glow with an unearthly chemical luminesence.

CURRAN

peers into his compass, then rotates his body in the water until the compass swings through 130, 140, to 150 degrees -- the course to target. His swim buddy, Ramos, squeezes his shoulder. Curran flashes him an OK, and they swim off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

The sea pulls lazily at the shore. There is a ripple then the first thing to come from the water is the business end of a CAR-15. The Owl surfaces, draining his gun, and

surveys the beach. He slaps his cupped hand on the water. Curran and the rest of the Seals rise out of nowhere like Resurrection Day. Carrying small packs, they wade ashore and run soundlessly across the sand.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROPPING - NIGHT

In the shadows, the men cut open the water-proof packs. Inside are dry uniforms, khaki ones, and the checkered Arab kaffiyeh scarves usually sported by members of the PLO.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

A sheer fifty-foot stone wall rises out of the water. Jeeze and Big Dog surface at its base.

Jeeze removes his facemask and examines a drainpipe. Pulling against the pipe and pressing his feet against the wall, he quickly walks himself straight up the pipe, utilizing a mountaineering move called a "lay back." Big Dog follows.

When they reach the top of the wall, they can see the terrorist compound below: an ancient villa adjacent to a former oil loading terminal, about 400 yards away.

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Curran and company, now dressed in PLO attire, stand openly by the side of the road. The Arab head-gear conceals their nationality. Russian AK-47 rifles lend a lot of credibility to the masquerade. Headlights sweep across them.

CURRAN
Vehicle.

The men take places in the middle of the road, forming a roadblock. The car pulls close and stops. A beat up Volvo carrying an ARAB FAMILY. The Owl sticks his face into the car. The YOUNG FATHER looks scared. HIS WIFE looks terrified. The BABY sleeps.

OWL
(flawless Arabic)
Your papers.

The Father quickly hands them over. The Owl looks at the papers and glances back at Curran. Curran pauses, then shakes his head. Not this one. The Owl hands the papers back. He says soemthing curt, and the car speeds away.

HAWKINS
We should have done it.

CURRAN
Not them.

HAWKINS
We've only got twenty-two minutes.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Loading grenades into his launcher, Big Dog crouches against a water tank. Jeeze assembles his Star Wars sniper rifle.

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The platoon waits on the road. No traffic. Maybe Curran should have taken the family. Finally another set of headlights appears: a Mercedes four-door sedan cruises over the rise. It's passengers: FOUR REAL PALESTINIANS.

Glances are exchanged, but Curran stands firm, and they stick to their guns, literally.

The car stops at the human roadblock. The Owl appraoches the DRIVER.

OWL
Papers.

The Driver protests. So do the PASSENGERS. The Owl plays the swaggering roadblocker role to the hilt. He boldly sticks his head into the car. Four quick flashes of light, four quiet THUMPS, four dead terrorists. This car will do nicely.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Big Dog covers the stairwell, as Jeeze swings the sniper rifle into position and looks through the scope.

POV JEEZE'S RIFLE SIGHT

Square picture, greenish light. In it, the villa appears as bright as daylight. At the bottom of the scope, "range to target" is displayed in a series of changing digital numbers.

BIG DOG
Got anything?

JEEZE
Not yet.

BIG DOG
Go to thermal.

Jeeze hits a switch. The starlight scope transforms into a psychedelic vision of purples and greens -- but still definitely the villa. Thermal images.

Jeeze pans around the outside of the building. On the second flor, several glowing human silhouettes appear. Like x-ray vision, the thermal imager pierces the interior of the villa.

JEEZE
Got 'em, I think.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

Lights out, the Mercedes is parked in shadow. The doors open quietly and Curran's Squad gets out. Hawkins reaches back into the car and pulls a short weapon from the front seat. Into a scabbard on Curran's back, he slips a wicked-looking sawed-off .12 shotgun. Everyone adjusts radio earphones and microphones.

DESERT SCRUB

With the sinuous grace of a dancer, the Owl navigates through the scrub and sand by some sixth sense. Suddenly he freezes and raises a fist. Several yards back, Curran also freezes and raises his fist, halting the squad.

The Owl squints into the darkness. He makes a chirping sound. No response. He repeats it. A curious SENTRY emerges from his foxhole for a peek. Two neat holes appear in his forehead.

The Owl lowers his hush puppy and signals the platoon to follow him.

SAND DUNE

Curran and Hawkins look through binoculars at the compound and villa on the hillside behind them.

Several small trailers, out-buildings, tents, camouflage nets, and BAD GUYS -- lots of them. The camp is in an uproar with every available hand loading supplies onto a caravan of trucks.

HAWKINS
Looks like moving day.

CURRAN
Smart boys. They're expecting wrath from above.

HAWKINS
Hey, you see what I see?
(points)
Missiles. Big mothers.

Missiles on trailers are pulled behind trucks.

CURRAN
Silkworms, I think. On their way out.

HAWKINS
Cut me and Ramos loose. We'll take care of 'em.

CURRAN
Forget it, Rommel. Mission says find the flyboys and get 'em out alive.

HAWKINS
But situation dictates...

Curran considers it.

CURRAN
I'd like to, hoss, but I can't spare you. We'll radio to base at the first window.

Hawkins looks longingly at the trucks, now moving out of the compound. Curran gives a signal, and the Owl leads them up to the wall surrounding the villa.

Curran and Squad gingerly inch toward the gate, weapons slung almost directly behind them. Curran's headset CRACKLES to life.

JEEZE (O.S.)
Bad Karma, this is Ball Point. Be advised you have traffic eleven o'clock.

Curran puts up his fist. The Squad stops in its tracks.

POV: JEEZE'S RIFLE SIGHT

The same thermal images. Now Curran and his men show clearly at left. On the right, a TERRORIST GUARD walks past the gate.

EXT. VILLA

On the other side of the wall, the Terrorist Guard passes the gate. Curran and the Squad are crouched against the wall, just out of sight, weapons ready.

JEEZE (O.S.)
(on Curran's radio)
Bad Karma, Ball Point. Traffic departed.

Curran taps his microphone.

CURRAN
Ball Point, where're my passengers?

JEEZE (O.S.)
Not drawing much. Looks like second floor, north end. I can't be sure.

CURRAN
How much opposition.

JEEZE (O.S.)
I make about two hundred booger-eaters in the compound. Ten in the villa itself.

Curran gives a signal. Hawkins steps toward the gate. He runs a small piece of plastic around between the hasp and the edge, searching for alarm switches. He finds one.

Hawkins casually digs into his pocket, comes up with a piece of blue plastic and inserts it into the hasp.

Hawkins inserts another gizmo, like a hypodermic needle, into the key hole. He squirts a liquid into the lock, which produces a tuft of smoke. He looks back at the Squad. Curran nods, and Hawkins twists the gizmo. The gate opens.

INT. VILLA - PARLOR

THREE TERRORISTS (Hassan, Bashir, and Omar) attack rifles at their sides, lounge around a new Sony color TV. A re-run of MANNIX blares in ARABIC.

In a corner of the room, the Oriental from the ship and ISMAIL SABBAH, Abu Jihad's number two man, torture Pilot and Rio. Their SCREAMS obscure the TV dialogue.

Bashir turns up the volume with the remote control.

INT. VILLA SECURITY ROOM

Bulletproof glass, concrete, impressive control panel. A GUARD watches a series of television monitors showing various parts of the compound. A TELEPHONE RINGS on his desk, and he turns to answer it. Behind him, on one of the monitors, Curran and the squad dart across a screen.

The Guard picks up the telephone, but no one's on the other end. Confused, he turns back to the monitors. They're clean. A little suspicious, the Guard hangs up the phone.

EXT. VILLA

Freak leans against a corner of the building. At his elbow a phone junction box is open. Two alligator clips short-circuit a connection bar. Across the courtyard, Curran and the others crouch in shadow.

Between Freak and Curran, a television camera points into the court. Curran gives the signal. Freak places a small device inside the junction box and carefully pushes it closed.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

As the Guard watches, the Owl (in terrorist costume) strolls deliberately across one of the monitors. Startled, the Guard hits a couple of buttons on the control panel, and his camera follows the Owl. Finally, the Owl goes beyond the perimeter of the camera.

The Guard hesitates a moment, then picks up the telephone. It's DEAD. He pushes the "panic button," but no alarm sounds. He hammers the button again. Still nothing.

The Guard tries to figure out what to do next. He pulls out a key, unlocks the control booth door from the inside, and steps into the foyer.

Two SILENCED PISTOL SHOTS sound dully, and the Guard slumps over dead. Curran quietly reholsters his hush puppy and steps over the guard's body into the room.

INT. VILLA PARLOR

Abu Jihad strides into the room, and his soldiers snap to attention, shutting off the television. He walks to the far

side of the room where Pilot and Rio are being tortured. He questions Ismail in Arabic.

ABU JIHAD
(subtitles)
What do they know?

ISMAIL
Just what they saw, a ship with a hole in the side.

ABU JIHAD
Are they telling the truth?

Ismail smiles sardonically and turns to the airmen, who lie in a heap on the floor, tortured to the brink of death. Abu Jihad is pleased. No way these fellows have kept any secrets.

ABU JIHAD
Get rid of them.

Ismail repeats the order to Bashir and leaves with Abu Jihad.

INT. VILLA

Curran leads the Squad up a narrow staircase. Behind him, Kahuna affixes a series of small demolition charges to the wall of the stairwell. Curran's earphone comes to life.

JEEZE (O.S.)
Bad Karma, traffic, your entry site.

Weapons at the ready, Curran continues to move up the stairs. His voice is hardly a whisper.

CURRAN
Let 'em in, Ball Point. Don't let 'em out.

Hawkins quietly cocks his weapon.

ROOFTOP

Eye pressed to the scope, Jeeze slides back the bolt on his rifle. Into the breech, he places the biggest goddam cartridge you ever saw. Silently he closes the bolt. He twists his cap around backwards on his head.

POV: RIFLE SIGHT

In the green of the night vision scope, a BAD GUY walks across the same courtyard where Curran was a moment earlier. As he enters the villa, Jeeze keeps the crosshairs right on his head.

INT. VILLA HALLWAY

Curran and Squad creep down the hallway. The sound of the TV is plainly heard from behind a door at the end of the corridor. Curran makes a series of hand signals. Hawkins moves toward the door.

EXT. COURTYARD

The Bad Guy enters the foyer. He looks into the security booth. The Guard is slumped over the console, apparently asleep. The Bad Guy RAPS on the glass. The Guard doesn't stir. Under his chair, a pool of blood spreads slowly across the floor.

HALLWAY

The Squad has gathered just outside the door. Curran quietly slides his .12 gauge sawed off shotgun from its scabbard. Everyone raises his weapon.

SECURITY ROOM

The Bad Guy pulls open the door and swings the Guard around in his chair. His friend's got two extra holes in his head. The Bad Guy dashes out into the courtyard to raise the alarm.

ROOFTOP

Jeeze fires. The muzzle flash of his weapon is almost five feet wide.

COURTYARD

Jeeze's bullet finds its mark with a bone-crunching WHUMP. The Bad Guy does a backflip and lands in three different pieces. Whatever hit him was no ordinary bullet. It literally exploded.

VILLA

The REPORT of Jeeze's weapon penetrates into the TV room. Things start to happen fast. The Oriental darts for the door and begins to wrench it open.

CURRAN

aims the .12 gauge right at the doorknob. The instant it turns, Curran fires trwo rounds right into the doorjamb. Hawkins instantly kicks in what's left of the door, and the Squad piles in.

The Oriental clutches the bloody stump that was his right hand. The Owl puts two bullets in his ear.

Bashir and Omar are trying to move Pilot and Rio. Abdul is watching the end of Mannix. In 1.2 seconds, all three terrorists are dead, caught in mid-reflex. The only disturbance has been the muffled sounds of the silenced guns. As the smoke clears, the only sound is the Arabic DUBBING on the television.

Mongo pulls Bashir's body off of Pilot and Rio.

CURRAN
Hey, fellas, cavalry's here.

EXT. VILLA

Bad Guys galore have assembled to see what the commotion is about.

INT. VILLA PARLOR

Doc moves over to the airmen and cuts their bonds. Freak pulls out a camera and infared flash and photgraphs the room. Owl and Hollywood briskly search the bodies of the terrorists, taking all papers and wallets.

DOC
What'cha got, birdman?

RIO
My leg...I think they broke it.

The jagged end of a femur pokes through his torn flight suit. It looks vile.

DOC
(without sympathy)
Bet that hurts.

Doc plucks a morphine Syrette from his kit, removes the top, and jabs it into Rio's other thigh.

DOC (cont'd)
You're going bye-bye.
(to Pilot)
How 'bout you?

PILOT
(beaten up)
I'm alright.

Mongo hefts Rio onto his shoulder, and the squad moves for the door. Curran hits his microphone.

CURRAN
Okay, Ball Point, we're ready to roll. Keep us covered. Freak, get me a line.

Freak gets on the radio and hands Curran the mike.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Wildman, this is Bad Karma. We have the passengers and are ready to extract. One's walking, I'm carrying the other.

WILDMAN (O.S.)
Roger, Bad Karma. We're on our way. Should be about four minutes.

COURTYARD

Dozens of BAD GUYS pour into the courtyard from adjacent buildings and areas and charge for the main building.

ROOFTOP

Big Dog shoots grenades into the courtyard, causing all the Bad Guys to take cover. Jeeze targets the leader and decapitates him. Ten Bad Guys make it into the villa.

STAIRWAY

The Ten Bad Guys boil up the staircase.

PARLOR

The Squad prepares to enter the hallway. Mongo carris Rio.

JEEZE (O.S.)
(on Curran's radio)
Bad Karma, traffic has entered your position.

CURRAN
Roger.
(aloud)
Cover!

Kahuna produces a small electric blasting machine. The men prepare themselves for a big bang. Kahuna throws the switch.

STAIRWELL

A deafening explosion. When the smoke clears, all ten Bad Guys are gone, and so is the staircase.

HALLWAY

The Squad enters the hallway. Hawkins bashes out a window with the butt of his rifle. Everyone jumps onto the rooftop. Mongo carries Rio and passes him through the broken window.

COURTYARD

Jeeze and Big Dog still have the Bad Guys pinned down. Jeeze shoots into the hood of a truck, and it explodes in flame. The Bad Guys return fire in their direction, but they are out of range.

VILLA ROOFTOP

Curran and Squad take positions to defend themselves as they wait for extraction. From an adjacent rooftop, THREE BAD GUYS shoot at the Seal position. Crouched behind a low wall, they are screened from Mongo's fire. Our guys are pinned down. Curran rolls for cover and gets on the radio.

CURRAN
Ball Point, I got a problem here.

POV: JEEZE'S RIFLE SIGHT

Panning over. Night vision shows nothing. A rooftop. Jeeze flips a switch, and in the thermal scope, the Bad Guys are very visible, right through the wall they think they are hiding behind. Jeeze jacks the bolt forward.

JEEZE
I got 'em.

VILLA ROOFTOP

Crouches behind cover, the Bad Guys reload their weapons. Suddenly, the wall crumbles and the Bad Guy on the end explodes. Then the next Bad Guy explodes. Then the third. Shot right through the wall.

THE SKY

Three planes appear from the night. One is a gunship which rains thousands of bullets onto the entire compound. The other two are helicopters. One helo hovers over Jeeze and Big Dog and lowers a two-man McGuire Rig. The other helo goes to retrieve the rest of the Squad and lowers a "Spy" Rig.

ROOFTOP

Big Dog, Jeeze, Mongo, and the others contribute their firepower to covering the retreat of the Team. First the wounded Rio is loaded on board the hovering copter in a sling. Then the others hook themselves onto the "Spy" Rig.

When everyone else is aboard, Jeeze wraps himself around Big Dog on the McGuire Rig, and they are lifted into their helocopter.

On the villa rooftop, the rest of the team is pulled up into the sky, one by one. The Owl is the last to rise from the ground, suspended from the rear of the helo.

DOWN BELOW

The Bad Guys crawl out from hiding and start shooting at the planes. Abu Jihad takes careful aim with his rifle and shoots.

HELO ONE

The Owl is hit, bad. Hawkins sees it.

HAWKINS
Owl? Owl?! Fuck, they got the Owl!

There's nothing Hawkins can do. He hangs there helplessly as the Owl loses consciousness and dies.

Hawkins looks down and sees Abu Jihad lowering his rifle. Even at a great distance, it seems that they lock eyes.

Hawkins points at Abu Jihad as if promising revenge.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF PTF PATROL BOAT - DAY

Team Nine, Captain Dunn, other Seals, and the Owl's WIFE AND TWO KIDS stand solemnly around a flag-draped coffin on the deck of the speeding boat. A CHAPLAIN concludes the funeral-at-sea service.

CHAPLAIN
And let us say, Amen.

ALL
Amen.

The Chaplain nods to Kahuna, who signals Curran and Hawkins to let down a rail. Four Seals lift one end of the Owl's coffin.

KAHUNA
(like parachute jump)
Go!

The Owl's enshrouded body slides out of the coffin into the sea. And the boat speeds on.

CUT TO:

INT. CURRAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The men of the platoon are assembled at a raucous wake. They drink whiskey, eat sandwiches, and play the Owl's favorite Sixties HARD ROCK at full volume. In one corner, a few of the guys belt out a Seal drinking song. Others reminisce. The mood is anything but bereaved.

KAHUNA
I knew The Owl since Vietnam, and I'll tell you the truth, I didn't think the sonovabitch could die.

MONGO
First in, last out -- for years.

HAWKINS
Buffalo Bill's defunct.

INT. KITCHEN

Mrs. Owl (formerly beautiful, alcoholic), MRS. JEEZE (model for local department store), MRS. KAHUNA (plain, youngish earth mother), and MRS. DOC (hard-boiled loan officer) sit around the table, drinking and making snacks.

MRS. OWL
I wasn't surprised. I expected it. I always expected it.

MRS. DOC
They don't understand it's as hard on us as it is on them.

MRS. KAHUNA
I'd like to see you out there.

Curran walks in with Captain Dunn to get some beers from the refrigerator.

CAPTAIN DUNN
By the way, pack your Dopp kit. Spec War Group wants us in Washington tomorrow.

CURRAN
They want to give us a medal?

CAPTAIN DUNN
Admiral Spenser wants a complete brief about your actions at target.

Curran is disturbed and puzzled. The doorbell rings.

LIVING ROOM

Babaloo opens the door. Curran's middle-aged neighbor, MRS. DEUTSCH, stands there in her bathrobe and rollers.

BABALOO
Hey, Freak, your mom's here.

HOLLYWOOD
Woo, looks like she got hit by the ugly bus.

MRS. DEUTSCH
There are people in the neighborhood trying to sleep.

MONGO
Come on, Mom, loosen up.
(offers a beer)
To The Owl.

MRS. DEUTSCH
If this racket doesn't stop by the time I get back to my house, I'm calling the police.

As she leaves, Hawkins rises drunkenly to his feet and calls after her.

HAWKINS
Madam, what were you doing on the night of July 16, when Petty
(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)
Officer Roy Ogden, gave his life defending your constitutional right to a good night's sleep?

A pall falls over the room. The Seals now feel what they've been trying to repress.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM / PENTAGON - DAY

Curran and Captain Dunn read magazines. The phone buzzes. A secretary answers it.

SECRETARY
You can go in now.

Curran and the Skipper stand up, straighten their uniforms, take a breath, and go through a door.

CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Curran and Captain Dunn find themselves surrounded by walnut panneling, lots of flags, lots of lots of brass: ADMIRAL SPENCER, ARMY AND AIR FORCE GENERALS, UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE FOR MEDITERRANEAN AFFAIRS, A DEPUTY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, STEWART BUCHANON, THE CIA COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU CHIEF, and a REPRESENTATIVE of the NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY. And their AIDES.

Between the Undersecretary of State and Buchanon of CIA sits MARA LANGDON, 28. She conceals her beauty under an air-tight all-business facade. She smiles when she sees Curran and watches him carefully throughout the meeting. He doesn't have a chance to notice her before the big shots start interrogating him.

ADMIRAL
Lt. Morrison, it says in your report that you personally observed the evacuation of enemy missiles from the hostage site.

CURRAN
That's right, sir.

ADMIRAL
Why didn't you destroy them?

CURRAN
Our orders, sir, were to rescue the hostages. I felt that engaging in any other activity would compromise that mission.

ADMIRAL
Well, thanks to your cautiousness, lieutenant, seven Silkworm missiles are still in the possession of Abu Jihad.

CAPTAIN DUNN
If you wanted fire and brimstone, Admiral, all you had to do was ask. That's certainly within our capabilities.

ADMIRAL
We didn't know about the missiles when we sent your team in, Captain. But we expect them to adapt their tactics as the situation dictates.

CAPTAIN DUNN
In my experience, sir, recovery of personnel has always taken priority over destruction of facilities.

ADMIRAL
This all irrelevant. Until these missiles are neutralized, no ship, city, or nuclear reactor in the Mediterranean is safe from terrorist attack. Now what's our intelligence on their whereabouts?

STATE
Unfortunately, Admiral Spenser, we haven't got a clue.

The Admiral looks around the room for scapegoats. His gaze rests on Buchanon of CIA.

ADMIRAL
Why not?

BUCHANON
The Abu Jihad organization has been very effective in resisting infiltration, even by the Israelis. The only lead we have concerns a potential source of information. Miss Langdon...

Buchanon turns to Mara. Curran sees her for the first time, and he's shocked. Mara acknowledges him with a private smile.

MARA
Abu Jihad's number two man, Ismail Sabbah, is expected in Beirut in six days for a meeting with their local faction. He might have some knowledge of the missiles.

Curran returns Mara's smile.

ADMIRAL
Captain Dunn, instruct Lt. Morrison's platoon to interdict this character and retrieve him for questioning.

CAPTAIN DUNN
Aye aye, sir. Mr. Morrison...

CURRAN
Aye aye, sir.

Curran and Captain Dunn look at each other. This won't be easy.

UNDERSEC'Y OF STATE
Ms. Lambert here is our Abu Jihad expert. We want you to work closely with her in planning this operation. We can't afford any more slip-ups.

Curran looks at Mara ironically. The Admiral sees his strange expression.

ADMIRAL
Any objections, Lieutenant?

CURRAN
No, sir.

ADMIRAL
Good. That'll be all.

The big shots stand up and chat with each other. Curran turns to Captain Dunn, who gives him a reassuring look.

CAPTAIN DUNN
No good deed shall go unpunished.

Mara comes up behind Curran.

MARA
Lieutenant, shall we get started?

Curran smiles at her, but responds as if she's a stranger.

CURRAN
Whatever you say, ma'am.

Curran follows her out of the conference room.

CORRIDOR

Curran hurries to keep up as Mara strides to her office.

CURRAN
This is incredible. Last time I saw you, you were studying psychology.

MARA
Last time I saw you, you were in law school.

CURRAN
I guess we've both gone through some changes.

Mara looks him over with approval.

MARA
Apparently.

CURRAN
I thought you'd be married by now. What happened to whatshisname, the guy you dumped me for?

MARA
He dumped me.

CURRAN
Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.

A crowd waits for an elevator. Impatient, Mara leads Curran up some stairs.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Well, this should be exciting for you, a real live mission.

MARA
Looks like you could use the help.

CURRAN
Hey, I made the right call, and I'll stand by it.

MARA
I know you did.

Curran is surprised by her approval. They come to her office. Mara picks up the "in" mail from her secretary, then opens the door to her office, holding it for Curran.

MARA'S OFFICE

A cluttered desk. The office of somebody who works.

MARA
Have a seat, frogman.

Although he was about to take a seat, Curran paces instead.

CURRAN
What do you do here exactly?

MARA
I used to be a vice-consul in Baghdad, specializing in psychological profiles of Middle East leaders. But I learned so much about Abu Jihad, they made me his case officer.

CURRAN
Charming fellow, Abu Jihad.

MARA
He's pulling out the big guns. It's the future of terrorism.

CURRAN
And just when I was getting used to truck bombs and airport massacres.

MARA
What I'm trying to figure is what he's going to aim those things at.

CURRAN
Tell me, is old Abu the only man in your life?

MARA
Not the only one, just the most interesting.

CURRAN
Well I don't think he's so smart. If I had his connections,
(MORE)

CURRAN (CONT'D)
I wouldn't waste my money on Silkworms. They're old, they're slow, they're primitive. I'd go with one of those sporty Italian numbers, or a Swedish Aquavit.

MARA
(intrigued)
You've got a point.

CURRAN
So how do you want to handle this?
(checks his watch)
I can see you might be useful, but I've got some things to take care of this afternoon.

MARA
How 'bout dinner? We can catch up on old times.

CURRAN
I might be able to make dinner.

They smile at each other. Mara hugs him, hard but friendly.

MARA
God, it's good to see you.

CURRAN
It's good to see you too.

Mara hugs Curran, and he holds her tight. Now that she can't see his face, Curran displays the emotion he's been hiding. This guy's in love.

CUT TO:

INT. CURRAN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Curran comes into his sitting room and sees that the place is a mess. Clothes everywhere. Open suitcase. He hears the water running in the bathroom. He checks to make sure he's in the right room. A moment later, Hawkins comes out of the bathroom, wet from the shower and wrapped in a towel.

HAWKINS
Sonnn, thought I'd surprise you.

CURRAN
You failed. As soon as I entered the Twilight Zone, I knew you were around.

HAWKINS
I thought I'd run this 10K tomorrow. Then I got wind of a coupl'a parties. Didn't want you to miss out on all the fun.

CURRAN
No fun for me, bubba. The brass raked me across the coals for not whacking that convoy in the desert.

HAWKINS
Told you so. -- You can't do what they say they want. You gotta give 'em what you know they want.

CURRAN
Right, and get court martialed.

HAWKINS
Not if you do it right.

Curran takes off his trousers and changes from his uniform into civvies.

CURRAN
So guess what's next on the agenda? We've gotta pull a body snatch in Lebanon.

HAWKINS
Lebanon? Shit. Every time I go there somebody tries to kill me.

A knock on the door.

CURRAN
Damn, she's on time.

HAWKINS
Who?

CURRAN
This friend from college.
(another knock)
She was at the meeting today.

Hawkins doesn't bother to leave the room. Curran gestures to Hawkins' towel.

CURRAN
Hey, King Kamehameha, you mind...?

HAWKINS
Have fun.

Hawkins goes into the bedroom. Curran finishes zipping up, opens the door, and greets Mara.

CURRAN
Hi. I thought you'd call up from the lobby.

MARA
You can learn a lot about a man from his hotel room.

She looks around at the scene of total disarray.

MARA (cont'd)
You've become a slob...Good. You used to be too neat.

CURRAN
A friend dropped in. He's the one with the exploding suitcase.

MARA
Well, I made a reservation at Chez Henri. It's quiet; we can talk.

CURRAN
Good.

Hawkins comes in from the bedroom, still wrapped in his towel.

HAWKINS
Sorry. Forgot my shoes.

Hawkins sees Mara, and Mara sees him. They can't take their eyes off each other. Curran watches uncomfortably as seconds pass.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Hi, I'm Hawkins.

CURRAN
Also known as "Good-bye" Hawkins.

Curran leads Mara toward the door.

MARA
(curious)
"Good-bye" Hawkins?

Curran opens the door. Mara looks back at Hawkins and smiles.

MARA (cont'd)
Good-bye, Hawkins.

HAWKINS
Hasta la vista.

Hawkins stands there, smiling to himself.

CORRIDOR

Curran and Mara walk toward the elevator.

MARA
Seems like an interesting fellow.

CURRAN
Believe me, he gets boring fast.

The elevator doors slide open.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chez Henri is dark and romantic. Mara rattles on mile-a-minute.

MARA
Then one summer, I got a job doing research for one of my professors. He was working on a study of the terrorist personality. I found out later he was working for The Company, and at first I was upset. But it was a lot more interesting than counseling spoiled rich kids, so when I graduated I started doing the same thing for the State Department.

CURRAN
And passed up the big bucks.

MARA
For the time being.

Mara sits back and looks at Curran.

MARA (cont'd)
I don't know whether I'm surprised about you or not. I know being an admiral runs in your family, but you tried so damn hard to stay out of the Navy.

CURRAN
Fact is, you had something to do with it.

MARA
Don't blame me.

CURRAN
It's true. After you left, I couldn't concentrate. I was about to get a D in torts, so I dropped out of law school and enlisted.

MARA
Your father must have been thrilled.

CURRAN
Until I joined the Teams.

MARA
I must say it does seem a little out of character.

CURRAN
Only to those who underestimated me.

MARA
So, have you proved what you set out to prove? Are you man enough yet?

CURRAN
What do you think?

MARA
I think you were man enough before.

Mara takes Curran's hand, and they look at each other with great fondness.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mara unlocks her door and turns around to say good-night to Curran.

CURRAN
I'm leaving tomorrow for BUDS to pick up a native Arabic speaker for the platoon. But when I get back...

MARA
Call me. We'll get specific on how to nail this sucker.

CURRAN
It's still early, you know.

Curran looks at her romantically.

MARA
I've got a 10K to run in the morning.

CURRAN
Well, I wouldn't want you to break training.

Curran hems and haws, not ready to leave.

CURRAN (cont'd)
You sure you don't want to invite me in? Just to make sure there aren't any terrorists lurking about...

MARA
Thanks, but I had the house sprayed for the terrorists.

CURRAN
Okay, just thought I'd ask.
(awkward moment)
Well, so long.

She kisses him sweetly -- a consolation prize.

MARA
See you when you get back.

CURRAN
Right.

Mara goes inside. Curran stands for a moment, smitten.

CUT TO:

INT. CURRAN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Curran enters the sitting room and hears the sounds of PASSIONATE SEX coming from the bedroom. Exasperated, he opens the sofa-sleeper.

CUT TO:

INT. CASHIER'S DESK IN HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Curran examines his bill. Hawkins, severely hung over and looking like shit, stands next to him, arguing.

HAWKINS
You're an ungrateful bastard. You don't have to check out.

CURRAN
The Navy is not interested in subsidizing your social life, Hawkins. Look at this...champagne, chili, ice cream.

HAWKINS
The Navy owes me a vacation.

CURRAN
Not on my travel claim.

Curran signs his credit card bill and picks up his suitcase. Hawkins sighs and follows Curran out of lobby.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOTEL

Curran takes his place behind two other parties waiting for a cab.

HAWKINS
And I don't like this idea of snatching a tadpole out of training. You spend your time watching out for their pansy ass and end up getting your head shot off.

CURRAN
If we're going to Lebanon, we've got to have a native speaker, and we're better off with one of our own -- unless you'd rather have an Egyptian or an Israeli tagging along?

HAWKINS
Just tell Fulton I'll bust his fat ass if he gives us some banana.

CURRAN
I'll be sure and tell him you said so.

A lull in the conversation.

HAWKINS
By the way, son, I was surprised to see you racked out on the couch this morning. You strike out?

CURRAN
She's running that 10K...

HAWKINS
Well...She seemed in good shape.

CURRAN
(checks watch)
Better get back to your whooping crane, Casanova. Check out time is eleven A.M.

Curran gets into a cab.

HAWKINS
Tell those shore duty gumbies at BUDS I said to tighten up!

The cab pulls off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH - CORONADO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Curran and INSTRUCTOR FULTON watch as a heat of eight TRAINEES swim a lap in the Olympic-sized pool WHILE BOUND HAND AND FOOT! This impossible skill is called DROWN-PROOFING. Meanwhile, the next set of trainees is being tied up by their swim buddies.

Fulton leans on an 8-foot shepherd's crook. Tanned and sporting a lapsed athlete's paunch, shore duty agrees nicely with Instructor Fulton.

FULTON
This must be pretty serious -- robbing the cradle.

CURRAN
Let's just say that the survival of the human race rests in our hands.

FULTON
Well, I got two camel jockeys who might fill the bill. Nadery over here...

Fulton points out JOSEPH NADERY, a swarthy, tall, broad-shouldered, square-jawed Arab-American who swims gracefully like a dolphin, leading the pack. He could be the Navy Seals poster boy.

FULTON(cont'd)
And Hamami there, who's been heading up the Goon Squad.

Fulton nods to DAVOOD HAMAMI, medium-height, wiry, and unimposing, who brings up the rear, struggling to master the difficult skill. Hamami sinks to the bottom and starts to drown.

FULTON (cont'd)
Hamami is very talented. He can drown in Persian as well as Arabic.

Fulton casually fishes him out with the shepherd's crook.

FULTON (cont'd)
Truly pathetic, Hamami. Why are you wasting my time? Do the nation a favor...ring out.

HAMAMI
(choking)
No, Instructor!

INSTRUCTOR WALTERS
You'll never make it, banana. Quit now!

HAMAMI
No, Instructor!

Fulton shrugs to Curran and dumps Hamami back in the water. He courageously continues his lap.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Mara and about TWO HUNDRED RUNNERS with official numbers pinned to their shirts get ready to race.

A starting gun FIRES, and they take off.

As Mara runs, she notices the fellow keeping pace next to her. It's Hawkins. He seems surprised to see Mara.

HAWKINS
Well hello! Remember me?

MARA
I hardly recognized you without your towel.

HAWKINS
This is an amazing coincidence, both of us out for a little recreational run.

MARA
If you'll excuse me, I'm trying to conserve my breath.

She concentrates and pulls ahead. Hawkins easily overtakes her, turns around, and runs in front of her backwards.

HAWKINS
Don't overdo it now. You've got to save something for the end.

She tries to pass him, but he accelerates, backwards. She shoots him a dirty look. He licks his index finger and holds it to the wind.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Favorable tailwinds. Catch you later.

Hawkins turns around and dashes off forward, leaving Mara in his wake.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDS TRAINING - DAY

Thirty Trainees traverse a rope over a slime bog, inching forward, hand over hand. Below them, instructors lob grenades into the bog, exploding foul sludge onto them.

Fulton and Curran walk casually on a grassy ridge out of range of the mud.

FULTON
Remember this, "Intro to mud"?

CURRAN
All you can eat. -- How many'd you start with?

FULTON
Ninety-eight.

CURRAN
How many you figure'll graduate?

FULTON
Maybe a dozen.

CURRAN
Our class was only ten.

FULTON
Don't worry, I'm not going easy on 'em.

Fulton casually yanks the pin from a concussion grenade and tosses it into the mud. The blast knocks a couple of trainees into the muck. They surface, looking like Creatures from the Black Lagoon, and wipe the slime from their eyes.

FULTON
What's the problem, Hayes? When the Bad Guys are closing the noose on you, you'll be delighted to find a cesspool to hide in.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINISH LINE OF 10K - DAY

Mara sprints past the finish line and then sags, exhausted, panting. She finds herself standing in front of Hawkins, who sits on a curb, relaxed, well-rested, reading a newspaper and guzzling a beer.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hawkins steps out of Mara's bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

HAWKINS
I really appreciate your letting me hose off here. I was getting kind of rancid.

MARA
I noticed.

HAWKINS
Curran checked out and left me to wander homeless in the streets. The guy is so honest it's disgusting. Comes from having it easy your whole life.

MARA
Naturally you feel entitled to steal?

HAWKINS
The warrior class traditionally enjoyed certain privileges. That's what made it worth risking your life. If you survived, you got rich, maybe even ended up with a title. Nowadays it doesn't pay.

MARA
So why bother?

Hawkins leans close, showing off his muscles.

HAWKINS
It's bred in the bone. Can't do anything else. I'm a barbarian, unsuited for life in a civilized world.

Mara refuses to notice his physique.

MARA
Yeah, right. Barbarian with after-shave. -- Why don't you put on some clothes, Tarzan?

Hawkins jumps onto her sofa and stretches out.

HAWKINS
So are you and Curran an item?

MARA
Oh God, no. We're just friends.

Hawkins is terribly relieved. He jumps up, walks over to the doorway to the kitchen, and watches Mara drink juice directly from a quart bottle.

HAWKINS
Then I've got an idea. Why don't you go work up a lather, and I'll show you my Washington.

Mara squeezes past Hawkins. He follows her.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
I know this really great place -- Mr. Jim's.

Hawkins is about to follow Mara into the bathroom.

MARA
I shower alone, Hawkins.

HAWKINS
Don't get a cramp.

He backs away, and Mara closes the door, amused in spite of herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The surf is rolling. Fulton, Instructor Walters and Curran stare out into the breakers, considering the sections and curls like a couple of big time surfers. Behind them, the dunes stretch empty and smooth for miles.

FULTON
So is Hawkins still porking that chick, the one with...

Fulton holds his hands in front of his chest as if grasping two large grapefruits.

CURRAN
...Arthritis?

FULTON
Yeah, her...Holly.

CURRAN
On again, off again.

FULTON
I hate his guts.

CURRAN
Don't be jealous. She's a bitch.

FULTON
She deserves to be.

Walters puts a whistle in his mouth and lets go with three quick BLASTS. Immediately behind him, the sand erupts. Five inflatable boats and their crews rise from the ground like soldiers sprouting from dragon's teeth.

FULTON
Nap time's over, tadpoles. Hit the surf!

The Students quickly drag their inflatible boats to the water and paddle out into the breakers.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. JIM'S BBQ - NIGHT

Mara and Hawkins chow down on ribs in a low-rent dive in the Washington ghetto. They are the only white people in the restaurant. On the hand-painted menu is the slogan, "You need no teeth to eat Mr. Jim's beef."

MARA
God, this stuff is deadly. I can feel my arteries clogging up.

HAWKINS
Fantastic, hunh?

MARA
(agreeing)
How'd you ever find this place?

HAWKINS
Oh, I've been in worse neighborhoods.

MARA
(skeptical)
Yeah?

HAWKINS
Beirut.

Mara smiles and licks sauce from her lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK JETTY - NIGHT

Five crews in rubber boats attempt to make a landing as huge swells crash against a hill of large jagged rocks. A giant wave surges and deposits Hamami's rubber boat and crew in a tangled heap amid the boulders.

High on the jetty, above the swirling water, the Instructors and Curran watch in bland amusement. Another wave is coming, a big one.

HAMAMI
Alright, let's get out of here!
LAY HOLD!

The men obey, each struggling across the rocks and assuming his position on the boat.

HAMAMI
Up- HEAVE! Up- HEAVE!

Hamami and the guys pull mightily, and the boat inches out of the impact zone. But the waves don't wait. A giant wave with Nadery's boat crew aboard CRASHES right on top of Hamami's crew. Paddles, men, and equipment are cast about in sprawling disarray.

Hamami quickly recovers and sees that Nadery is dazed. He maintains control, pulling one of his crewmen to his feet.

HAMAMI
Come on! LAY HOLD! GET THIS BOAT UP! HEAVE! Up- HEAVE!

Hamami's crew climbs out of reach of the next giant breaker, which pounds Nadery and company. Hamami quickly climbs down the rock pile and rallies the confused crew. He grabs Nadery's handle on the Zodiac with his right hand and supports his friend with his left.

Curran is impressed. Seriously impressed.

CURRAN
(to Fulton)
I've made my decision.

CUT TO:

EXT. BBQ RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hawkins and Mara walk out of the restaurant, laughing, and cross the street.

Half a block down the road, THREE FUTURE FELONS stand suspiciously around his car, one on the driver's side, two on the passenger side. The one on the driver's side reaches through a vent window for the door lock.

Hawkins and Mara pause, then Hawkins takes her arm and pulls her along with him down the sidewalk.

HAWKINS
Do what I say.

MARA
Don't be a fool, Hawkins.

Hawkins takes out his keys and walks to the Buick parked behind his car, as if unlocking the door.

HAWKINS
(friendly)
Hey, guys. Locked your keys in the car?

BRUISER
(off guard)
Uh, yeah. Locked them in the car.

HAWKINS
Maybe I can help.

BRUISER
Naw, that's okay.

Hawkins saunters over to the humongous guy on the driver side, trying to be helpful. When he's right next to him, Hawkins unleashes a savage chop to the throat. The big guy collapses, arm stuck in the window. His buddies rush around the front of the car to punish Hawkins.

HAWKINS
(to Mara)
Quick, get in.

Hawkins sticks his key in the lock, opens the door, and shoves Mara in an instant before the other two arrive. He throws her the keys. She makes a good catch.

HAWKINS
Start it!

Hawkins whams the car door open, smashing the first fellow as he rounds the bend. He ducks a punch from the third man, then demolishes him with a four-part karate move.

The engine roars to life. Hawkins jumps into the driver's seat, almost landing on Mara, who's been leaning over to start the car.

Hawkins shifts into gear, rolls a few feet, then notices Humongous' hand jammed through the vent window. He pushes the button and the window rolls down. Humungous hits the pavement.

The two bruisers still on their feet chase after him, cursing. Hawkins slams on the brakes and jams a 180 degree boot leg turn.

MARA
What are you doing?!

Hawkins puts the pedal to the metal and streaks directly toward his pursuers.

MARA (cont'd)
Are you crazy? Let's just get out of here!

As the Porsche thunders past, the bruisers dive for cover between cars.

As they streak past, Hawkins laughs maniacally. He's at full throttle, his ego shooting off sparks.

HAWKINS
Did I tell you I was boxing champ on my carrier?
(devilish)
I used to steal cars too.

Hawkins decides to stop at the red light. Mara is breathing deeply, exhilarated despite herself. She and Hawkins look at each other. Hawkins puts his hand behind her head, draws her to him, and kisses her.

The light turns green. A car behind them honks. They come up for air. Hawkins screeches off as the light turns yellow.

INT. MARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hawkins and Mara make love, glowing with desire.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sprawled in bed, Mara's head rests on Hawkins' chest. She looks up.

MARA
What are you going to tell Curran?

HAWKINS
The truth.

MARA
How do you think he'll react?

HAWKINS
He'll understand.

They look at each other, hopeful but unconvinced.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARTERS - DAY

Seal Team Nine has assembled on the asphalt-covered courtyard of the SEAL headquarters building. Everyone is dressed in jogging shorts and olive drab t-shirts, except for Hamami, who wears his uniform.

Curran, on a natural high, chats with Hawkins.

CURRAN
I hope you don't have plans for tonight.

HAWKINS
Why?

CURRAN
I'm going to sit down with Mara and work out the plan for Beirut. You ought to be there.

HAWKINS
You think that's a good idea, Son, mixing business and pleasure?

CURRAN
Our orders were to work with her.

HAWKINS
She's a non-qual. What does she know about operating?

CURRAN
Don't worry. I won't put the moves on her til you leave.

Curran starts to walk off.

HAWKINS
Look Son, we need to talk.

Curran turns around, lost in his own thoughts.

CURRAN
You know, it's fate, hoss. I never forgot her, but I never thought I'd have a second chance.

Curran smiles, goofily in love. Hawkins forces a smile in return. Curran comes down to earth a bit.

CURRAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Did you want to say something?

HAWKINS
No.

Curran walks up and takes his place at the head of his platoon.

Kahuna paces smartly out to the front of the formation.

KAHUNA
Team...'ten Hut!

The team sloppily comes to attention. Looks like these guys are short on spit and fresh out of polish. Captain Dunn walks out. Kahuna executes an about face and salutes.

KAHUNA
Sir, Seal Team Nine all present or accounted for.

CAPTAIN DUNN
(returns salute)
Gentlemen, I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome a new member to Team Nine, Fifth Platoon -- Seaman Apprentice Hamami. He's been plucked, before graduation, from the grueling course at Basic Underwater Demolition / Seal Training...

TEAM
(mock impressed)
Uh-ooooooooooo.

CAPTAIN DUNN
...in order to contribute his specialized foreign language skills to our unit. I hope you will welcome him in a manner commensurate to this unique achievement.

Captain Dunn walks away. As soon as he is out of sight, the sinister CHORUS begins.

TEAM
Dip-tank! DIP-tank! DIP-TANK!

The entire platoon seizes Hamami, drags him across the grinder, and dunks him fully dressed into the disgusting rancid water of the dip tank.

KAHUNA
Hey, Sinbad, ever been dipped?

Surfacing from the slime, Hamami sputters and shakes his head.

KAHUNA
Case of beer -- you're buying. Old team tradition.

Everybody gets a good laugh out of it, except Hamami. Then the team dunks his duffle bag on top of him.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ARMORY - DAY

The Seals select weapons for a drill. Curran draws Kahuna aside.

CURRAN
Kahuna, keep an eye on Hamami, okay. The kid's green as a goose turd.

KAHUNA
I'll complete his education.

They look over and see Ramos helping Hamami choose a weapon. Ramos hands Hamami an AK-47, then steps back and scrutinizes him, like he's trying on a new suit.

RAMOS
There, now you look like a terrorist.

HAMAMI
But I don't want a Russian gun.

RAMOS
Its a damn good machine. There's just a couple of things you need to know, like the safety.

Ramos pushes the safety, and it disengages with a loud CLICK.

HAMAMI
(confidentially)
Ramos, I hear I'm replacing some legend -- what's his name, the Raven?

Kahuna storms over and roars at Hamami.

KAHUNA
Sinbad, you worthless piece of frogshit, you couldn't replace a pimple on the Owl's ass! You're not even a Seal yet. So shape up, banana, or I'll see you never get your Budweiser.

HAMAMI
(mortified)
Sorry, Kahuna.

Kahuna leans into him menacingly, his voice like ice.

KAHUNA
And don't you <u>ever</u> call me "Kahuna." You call me "Master Chief."

HAMAMI
Sorry, Master Chief. I didn't know...

Kahuna storms away in mid-sentence. Hamami is pretty rattled. Kahuna winks at Curran. The Seals smile at each other, in on the joke.

Hamami turns to Ramos and whispers nervously.

HAMAMI (cont'd)
What's "Kahuna" mean anyway?

RAMOS
Chief.

Now Hamami is really confused.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S OFFICE AT NAVAL BASE - NIGHT

Mara unrolls street maps and satellite photos on a long table. Hawkins walks in, and Mara's face lights up.

Her eyes ask a question.

HAWKINS
He's parking the car. He'll be along in a minute.

MARA
Did you tell him?

Hawkins shakes his head sheepishly.

MARA (cont'd)
Chickenshit.

HAWKINS
I couldn't find the right time. I didn't want to just blurt it out.

MARA
You want me to tell him?

HAWKINS
No. I'll tell him.

MARA
Then tell him.

Hawkins squirms.

HAWKINS
He really likes you, ya know.

MARA
(regretfully)
I know. And I think he's one of the greatest guys in the world.

Curran walks in with some maps and sets them on the table next to Mara's.

CURRAN
I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

Mara smiles awkwardly.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Mara, Curran, and Hawkins seem to be at the end of their conference, winding things up. On the blackboard is an elaborate flow chart diagramming a master plan and numerous contingency plans.

CURRAN
I just don't understand it. How do you continue to resist me?

MARA
Will power.

Curran looks away and rolls up another map.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Mara parks her car, checks the address, walks onto the porch, and rings the doorbell. Out of nowhere, a gloved hand covers her mouth and drags her off her feet! A man in black tights and green face paint gags and binds her in no time flat and carries her over his shoulder onto the sand.

BEACH

The kidnapper sets Mara down on a blanket under a half-tent and ungags her.

MARA
Hawkins, you asshole!

HAWKINS
I thought it might be instructive for you to experience an ambush from the inside. See what it's really like.

MARA
You've got a serious problem. You can't tell when to stop being a Seal.

HAWKINS
I never stop being a Seal.

Mara stands up and storms back toward her car. Hawkins catches up with her.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I was just kidding around.

MARA
I'm not a bimbo, Hawkins. You want a woman who thrives on abuse, go cavort with your frog hogs.

HAWKINS
I'll be good, I promise.

She lets him kiss her.

MARA
You want to tie me up and kidnap me, ask first. Understand?

HAWKINS
Yes, ma'am.

MARA
Good.

HAWKINS
May I zip you up in my sleeping bag and ravage you until morning?

MARA
Yes, you may.

Hawkins picks Mara up and carries her to his sleeping bag.

CUT TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The whole platoon, except for Hawkins, attends an emergency briefing. Captain Dunn gives an illustrated lecture, assisted by slides, maps, and overhead projectors.

Curran checks his watch and looks nervously at the door. It's only somebody's assistant.

CAPTAIN DUNN
Intelligence says the missiles were then transferred to the merchant vessel Latanya, which departed yesterday from Benghazi for Beirut. Twelve terrorists are supposed to be on board.
(deep breath)
The ship also carries Moslem pilgrims on the top deck. As many as a hundred.

The Seals groan.

CAPTAIN DUNN (cont'd)
Since any overt action against the ship might result in the taking of hostages, the Joint Chiefs have
(MORE)

CAPTAIN DUNN (CONT'D)
directed elements of Seal Team Nine to interdict the Latanya at sea, prevent the taking of hostages, neutralize any opposition, and prepare the ship for boarding.

Captain Dunn hands two MISSION FOLDERS to an ASSISTANT.

CAPTAIN DUNN (cont'd)
Hand these to the officers.

The Assistant gives one folder to Curran, but Hawkins is still missing.

CAPTAIN DUNN (cont'd)
Anybody know what's keeping Mr. Hawkins?

Silence. Captain Dunn clenches his jaw and turns to Curran.

CURRAN
I can find him, Skipper.

CAPTAIN DUNN
Be back in fifteen minutes, with him or without him.

CURRAN
Aye aye.

Curran dashes out.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Curran pans his flashlight across the beach and sees a sleeping bag. He walks over.

CURRAN
Hey Hawkins, pinch it off.

The moving blanket freezes.

CURRAN (cont'd)
The balloon went up. You just missed recall. C'mon...

Curran pulls the blanket down, revealing Hawkins and Mara. He is stunned. They are abashed.

Curran stares for a few breaths, then regains his cool.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Let's go. You're needed.

Hawkins and Mara exchange a guilty glance.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Better move your butt, too, Mara.
Buchanon must be worried about you.

Curran watches as Hawkins pulls on his pants.

INT. CURRAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Curran drives like a madman, narrowly avoiding accidents.

HAWKINS
Bubba, just let me explain.

CURRAN
(insisting)
Not now...I need to concentrate.

Curran runs a red light.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Cobalt blue -- deep, deep water. A LOW ROAR -- the weird noise of hypersonic propellers.

The blue is suddenly obliterated by the whale-like shape of the nuclear submarine, USS Biloxi. The sub slides past -- huge, black, endless.

INT. SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM

Red lights. SONAR NOISE. The all-business atmosphere of the nuclear navy.

The sub's CAPTAIN cradles a rising periscope. Curran and Hawkins slouch as far away from each other as the small compartment allows. The tension between them is palpable.

HAWKINS
Look, it wasn't like you think. It just happened...

Curran abruptly stops and lasers Hawkins with a look.

CURRAN
Not now.

HAWKINS
Well, when?

CURRAN
I'll tell you when.

The Captain pulls away from the eyepiece and turns to Curran.

CAPTAIN
That's your baby.

POV PERISCOPE - NIGHT

Right in the cross-hairs, a sea-worn freighter, the LATANYA, chugs along on the surface. Rust-streaked and care-worn, her hold has carried any and everything not usually allowed by law, custom or social practice.

LATANAYA - TOP DECK - NIGHT

Several TERRORISTS vigilantly keep watch, apparently on alert.

Sleeping on the top hatches are the potential hostages -- destitute Moslem pilgrims who can't afford to travel with a roof over their heads. Their bundles, goats, and chickens clutter the deck.

INT. LATANYA WHEEL HOUSE - NIGHT

The CREWMEN match the ship. The HELMSMAN steers blandly. The scruffy-looking CAPTAIN slouches with an arm over the rail. After a moment, Ismail Sabbah swaggers into the wheelhouse, AK-47 slung across his shoulder.

The Captain and the Helmsman straighten up. Ismail stares into the radar repeater for a long moment. No indication of ships in the area. He makes a joke in Arabic, and everyone forces a laugh.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM

A crowded space made more congested by fourteen Seals, their bunks, and all their operational positions. The frogmen are in various stages of suiting up with closed circuit Dregger breathing appartus, MP-5 machine guns, and climbing harnesses. Some study floor plans of the decks of the Latanya.

Kahuna rearranges Hamami's scuba rig.

KAHUNA
When you're swimming closed-circuit, wrap the tip of your gun with some of this tape so it won't rupture your hose.

Kahuna shows him.

HAMAMI
Thanks, Master Chief.

KAHUNA
First lock out, Sinbad?

Hamami nods, trying not to appear too petrified.

KAHUNA (cont'd)
Case of beer.

Curran and Hawkins walk in.

CURRAN
All right, gumbies, listen up. The Latanya should be engaged within the hour. Equipment check in thirty minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. TORPEDO ROOM/SUB

Curran's squad climbs up the ladder into the lock-out chamber. When Curran isn't looking, Hawkins sticks a wad of chewing gum on the back of Curran's Dregger rig.

INT. LOCK-OUT CHAMBER

A narrow pressure hull about the size of a shower, filled with six Seals and their equipment. There is hardly room to scratch your nose. Kahuna lowers the bottom hatch. If you're claustrophobic now, wait till the chamber fills with water. Curran hits a speaker on the wall of the chamber.

CURRAN
Bottom hatch is shut and dogged. Equalize to sea pressure.

LOUDSPEAKER
Bottom hatch secure, aye. Equalize to sea pressure.

Water begins to flood into the compartment. Curran is nose to nose with Kahuna -- and the big fella doesn't look like he's enjoying this too much.

CURRAN
Getting a little reaction on the fun-meter, Master Chief?

KAHUNA
I was doing this when you were still shitting yellow, sir.

Curran puts his regulator in place and lowers his face mask. Kahuna does the same. The water goes over their heads.

EXT. SUBMARINE

A hatch opens against the smooth, black contour of the hull. A stream of bubbles spills from the lockout chamber. Curran, Kahuna, Big Dog, Jeeze, and Hamami leave the submarine and join two other Seals already hanging from a long yellow hauser.

Kahuna passes the yellow line from man to man. Each Seal secures his climbing harness to the line. They spread out in two groups about fifty yards apart.

INT. LATANYA WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

The Captain peers into the radar screen -- nothing. The Crewmen on the bridge have been joined by SEVERAL OTHER TERRORISTS.

EXT. LATANYA - NIGHT

Her bow cutting water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The THUMPING of Latanya's PROPELLERS GROWS LOUDER. The yellow line connects Hawkins's group on one end and Curran's on the other. And here comes the bow, right between them.

EXT. LATANYA - NIGHT

As the water streams past the prow, there is something visible just under the surface: the yellow line. It is pinned against the fore-peak of the small freighter: a perfect "snag."

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The line tightens. Both squads are pulled through the water, faster, faster, as the freighter pushes forward. In seconds, the two groups are buffeted by the frothy wake against the hull.

EXT. SHIP'S HULL / WATERLINE - NIGHT

Spray flies as a wet-suited arm appears from the moving water. The hand reaches up and soundlessly places a heavy suction clamp against the steel plates. Curran pulls himself halfway from the water. His other hand appears, places another clamp, and he pulls himself completely from the water.

Behind him, farther down the hull, Jeeze and Big Dog repeat the process. Like human flies, the men inch their way up the sheer hull of the ship. It's not easy for the strongest of them. Hamami really struggles.

On the starboard side, Hawkins and his group do the same.

ON DECK

Terrorist sentries scan the sea, but don't bother to look down.

HULL

Hamami's strength almost fails him. Kahuna calms him then gives him a helping heave up.

EXT. ON DECK - NIGHT

First one to the top, Curran's fingers curl over the very edge of the deck. He carefully peers over the edge. Below him, Jeeze and Big Dog hang precariously.

Just a dozen feet from where Curran hangs, a terrorist SENTRY stands with his back to the rail. Curran ducks immediately. Hanging by one hand, he frees his pistol from it's holster.

The Sentry walks along the rail and stops less than two feet from Curran. Curran and his guys are pinned. Leaning at the rail, the Sentry casually lights a smoke. He absently blows out the match and drops it - right past Curran. The Bad Guy looks down, right into Curran's face! He reaches for his gun!

O.S. there are TWO DULL POPS. The Sentry totters back from the rail slightly. Then his body flies overboard, falling soundlessly past Curran and his men. SPLASH. Curran pulls himself up and peers over the rail.

ON DECK

Hawkins, at the head of his squad, re-holsters his pistol. Curran tries not to look grateful.

The remaining team members pull themselves over the rail and take positions on deck. Kahuna yanks Hamami up by his shirt. Everyone is all-business.

Curran peers out onto the deck and takes stock of the troublesome clutter of passengers, animals, and bundles. Elsewhere on deck are TWO ARMED TERRORISTS.

CURRAN
All right. Put the assault teams in place. Takedown in two minutes.

Curran and Hawkins inch their way soundlessly toward the open doors of the wheel house. Big Dog and Ramos cover behind them.

EXT. LATANYA COMPANION WAY - NIGHT

A CREWMAN walks casually down the companion way. Suddenly he stops like he's seen a ghost. He bends down and places his fingers to the deck -- water and wet foot prints lead toward the wheel house. He crosses over to a sound powered phone and immediately dials the Wheel House.

INT. WHEEL HOUSE - NIGHT

The sound powered phone RINGS. After a moment, the Captain picks up the phone. The look on his face says it all.

CAPTAIN
(in Arabic)
We have been boarded.

ISMAIL
Quickly, sound the alarm!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Big Dog sees the Crewman on the phone, and shoots. The Crewman slumps to the deck. The sound alerts the two terrorists, who run toward the bridge.

CURRAN
Compromise! Go! Go! Go!

Mongo OPENS FIRE. The terrorists are cut down before they can squeeze off a burst.

Simultaneously, Hawkins reaches for the wheelhouse door, but meets a Terrorist coming out. Hawkins fires point blank, shoves the terrorist over, and leads the charge inside.

It's over in a second. Ismail Sabbah and two other terrorists are killed. The only survivors are the Helmsman and the Captain, who stand frozen in place. The Captain drops the intercom phone.

TOP DECK

Curran leads his squad across the deck to a hatch.

CURRAN
Hamami, tell 'em to get down, not to move!

Hamami launches into his hyper-Arabic spiel. In response, the startled passengers hit the deck and cower. Curran's squad leaps from the superstructure onto the hatch covers, juking through the wakening deck passengers.

MONGO
Christ, this place is a goddam Noah's Ark.

Babaloo is struck down by a burst of gun fire. Curran turns and fires on the run at the sniper on the bridge wing. The sniper takes three bullets.

Another terrorist sprints across the deck and escapes down a hatch.

CURRAN
Split!

Curran, Jeeze, and Big Dog take off after the terrorist. Hollywood and Wipeout pull Hamami along with them, in the direction they were already going. Hamami pauses over Babaloo's body.

HAMAMI
He's hit.

Hollywood pushes him forward.

HOLLYWOOD
Move.

Curran and squad leap through a hatch after the fleeing terrorist.

INT. GANGWAYS

The chase continues down a ladder and through several compartments. The Terrorist SCREAMS warnings.

GALLEY

FOUR TERRORISTS drop their coffee and pick up their guns.

GANGWAY

The fleeing terrorist makes a turn and faces his four colleagues who stand in the gangway with their assault rifles aimed in his direction. He freezes and hits the floor. The Seals should be turning this corner any second -- ready to run into an ambush.

But they don't arrive. The Terrorists stand at alert, vibrating with fear and excitement. When enough time has passed that they begin to wonder what's going on...

FLASH! The brilliant white light of a phosphorus grenade fills the gangway for an instant.

The Terrorists are blinded. The Seals appear from around the corner and chew them up.

The Terrorist on the floor, whose eyes were closed in terror, can still see. He fires, wounding Ramos. The Seals simultaneously fill him with lead.

QUARTERS

Hollywood, Wipeout, and Ramos cautiously move into the gangway outside the cabins of the crew. Hollywood nods to Hamami who shouts in Arabic.

HAMAMI
(subtitles)
Stay in your cabins. Do not come out of your cabins.

ON DECK

Hawkins and Kahuna supervise their men in rounding up all the crewmen, terrorist prisoners, and passengers, and holding them at gunpoint.

One of the terrorists pulls a knife and makes a run for the passengers. He grabs a CHILD by the hair. Hawkins responds immediately and puts a bullet in his neck.

Hawkins runs over, grabs him away from the passengers, and finishes him off with a shot in the ear.

HAWKINS
Die, you hostage-taking mother fucker!

INT. ENGINE ROOM

The NOISE OF PISTONS and VENTILATORS. The CHIEF ENGINEER and a MECHANIC sweat it out in the hot compartment, oblivious to the fact that they've got company. Curran peers over a generator. He ducks back and passes a few hand signals to Big Dog and Jeeze.

Big Dog and Jeeze step onto the catwalk, weapons raised. The Engineer puts his hands up, but the Mechanic is trying for a medal. He ducks around the corner of one of the turbines and pulls a pistol. He disappears into the forest of machines.

QUARTERS

Hollywood, Wipeout, and Hamami stand watch over the hallway. Suddenly a door opens and a panicked young WOMAN is shoved out in her panties. A gun is held to her head by a Terrorist, wearing only his trousers. He spouts Arabic mile a minute and backs up, using the woman as a shield.

HOLLYWOOD
(to Hamami)
Talk to him.

Hamami engages the retreating terror in conversation. The Terrorist ceases his invective in the middle of a word. Wipeout has just shot him in the head.

ENGINE ROOM

Curran, Big Dog, and Jeeze hunt down the recalcitrant Mechanic, dodging his bullets. Big Dog sees him, hiding under a tank, taking aim on Jeeze.

Big Dog has a very obstructed shot. He takes careful aim -- and hits the Mechanic in the belly.

The Mechanic cries out, and Curran and Jeeze are on him. He surrenders.

Curran checks for more Bad Guys, then speaks into his radio.

CURRAN
Pit Bull, this is Bad Karma. I need your status.

ON DECK

Hawkins and Doc crouch over the sprawled body of Babaloo. He's dead.

HAWKINS
(into mike)
Wheelhouse and topdeck secured. Status of forces: one Seal killed. Terrorists, six killed, one captured, one missing.

CURRAN
(into mike)
Hollywood, this is Bad Karma. Report your status.

LIVING QUARTERS

Hamami comforts the crying naked woman. Hollywood and Wipeout stay on guard.

HOLLYWOOD
Quarters secure. One terrorist killed.

IN HOLD

Curran reacts to the news of his casualties.

CURRAN
Roger, Hollywood.
(calculating)
Six and one, and two, and three here means we're four short. Everyone remain on alert. My squad will proceed to hold. Pit Bull, I'm sending Hamami and Kahuna up to flush out the missing Booger Eater.

ON DECK

The Seal Team stand guard over passengers they have herded into a solid mass. Hamami emerges from the hold and approaches Kahuna.

HAMAMI
How'm I supposed to find this guy, Master Chief?

Kahuna smiles at a little boy who is looking at him in awe. With a massive paw, he lifts him onto the hatch cover.

KAHUNA
(to Hamami)
You speak the lingo. Ask.

Kahuna pulls out a pack of gum and dangles it in front of the little boy's face. Hamami speaks gently to him.

The boy shrugs.

Kahuna removes a pack of Marlboro's from his fighting vest and sticks them in the boy's shirt.

KAHUNA (cont'd)
Ask him again.

Hamami begins to speak, but the little boy is already pointing toward the forecastle. Kahuna "drafts" one of the ship's crewmen and drags him outside the closed hatch of a line locker.

KAHUNA (cont'd)
No other exits?

Hamami confers in Arabic.

HAMAMI
He says that's the only way in.

Hamami reaches for the door, rifle in hand. Kahuna stops him, shaking his head.

KAHUNA
Never send a man where you can send a grenade.

Kahuna plucks a grenade from his vest, pulls the pin, and lets the safety handle go. On Kahuna's signal, Hamami opens the hatch. Instantly the terrorist opens fire. Bullets smash into the door from the other side. In one deft motion, Kahuna tosses the grenade into the hatch and leans back against it with his massive body.

Off screen, the grenade explodes in the closed compartment, ringing the whole front end of the ship like a bell.

On signal, Hamami opens the hatch. The Terrorist wobbles out, smoking, tattered, and stunned, like Wile E. Coyote. Kahuna grabs him by the collar.

KAHUNA
Come on, asshole.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

THREE TERRORISTS cock their weapons and crouch under the metal staircase, ready to open fire at the hatch -- the only way in.

At the top of the stairs, hidden from their view, Jeeze crouches down. Curran and Big Dog halt behind him.

Jeeze lays down on the stair landing and removes the gas mask from his pouch. He glances at Curran. Curran points, and Jeeze tosses the gas mask down the stairs.

Several things happen very quickly. The Terrorists open fire on the gas mask. Jeeze swings his head down between the open stairs and empties his machine gun at them upside down. Trampling over Jeeze's back, Curran and Big Dog charge down the stairs into the hold and open fire at the terrorists. It's over very quickly.

Curran and company explore the hold, which is filled with a number of large crates.

CURRAN
Big Dog, move in, secure the cargo.
(in mike)
Freak, call in the backup.

CUT TO:

TWO HUEY HELOS

hover over the deck. Lines are thrown from her port and starboard doors, and EXPLOSIVE ORDINANCE DISPOSAL TECHNICIANS rappel onto the hatch cover.

ON DECK

Curran stands in the thundering ROTOR BLAST. Hawkins approaches him hesitantly.

HAWKINS
Now?

CURRAN
I'm still busy.

The EOD OFFICER lands next to Curran and unhooks himself from the carabiner.

EOD OFFICER
Where're the goodies?

CURRAN
Forward hold. Seven crates. They match the description.

Curran leads the EOD Officer to the hatchway.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Watch yourself. It was a real dickdragger getting on here.

EOD OFFICER
You think they might have booby trapped the missiles?

CURRAN
Could be. We didn't exactly catch 'em by surprise.

The EOD officer and his men disappear down the hatchway.

Curran walks over to Doc, who crouches over two Stokes litters, supervising the loading of his Babaloo's body and Ramos onto the helicopter.

The rest of the Seals keep watch over the passengers, crew, and captured terrorists. Elsewhere, the prize crew rappels from helicopters onto the deck.

Curran takes his first easy breath and notices Hawkins standing expectantly at his side. Hawkins raises a questioning eyebrow. Curran looks at him with a flat expression.

CURRAN
Yeah...Now!

Wham! Curran takes a mighty swing at Hawkins, decking him.

In the commotion on deck, no one sees the altercation but Hollywood and Wipeout. Woooo --- heavy.

Hawkins slowly leans on an elbow and rubs his jaw, deciding...He slowly gets to his feet. Curran stands, hands at his side, but ready.

HAWKINS
Okay...Maybe I deserved that.
(recovers)
You wanna talk...or you want me to beat the shit out you in front of the whole platoon.

CURRAN
Up to you.

They glance at the men, who are now all watching. Hawkins shouts at them.

HAWKINS
You watchin' your prisoners?

The men turn away.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Feel better now?

CURRAN
Much.

HAWKINS
Look, I didn't know how you felt about her.

CURRAN
Bullshit!

HAWKINS
You made her sound like some old college buddy.

CURRAN
So you felt compelled to hit up on her the minute I turned my back?

HAWKINS
She hit up on me.

Curran doesn't want to believe it.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Actually it was mutual.
(uncomfortable)
Come on, bubba, we never let a woman come between us before.

CURRAN
This isn't just a woman, shithead. Although to you they're all the same.

Seeing his pal's distress, Hawkins stoicly makes a hard decision.

HAWKINS
Look, don't sweat it, bubba...it's over. I'm sorry it happened, and now it's over.

Curran is greatly relieved. But then he thinks about it, and his expression clouds over again.

CURRAN
Nah, it's too late.

HAWKINS
You don't mean that.

CURRAN
It's too late now. Go ahead. Take your shot...She'll have to learn the hard way.

The ship's cargo boom lifts a crate from the hold and lowers it right in front of them. The EOD Officer approaches.

EOD OFFICER
I think you guys might be interested in this.

The crate hits the deck.

EOD OFFICER (cont'd)
You just intercepted yourselves seven fine crateloads of certified...

The EOD Officer roughly kicks off the end of the crate. Out slides....

EOD OFFICER (cont'd)
Saharan sand.

A dune-ful. The Seals stare, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / PENTAGON - DAY

The same room, the same crew as before. Everyone sits quietly as the Admiral reviews a folder. Hawkins and Curran, seated side by side, ignore each other. Across the table, Mara tries to make eye contact with them. Curran avoids her glance.

Hawins surreptitiously sticks his chewing gum under the table.

ADMIRAL
This is all very interesting, gentlemen, but does anybody in this room know where the missiles are now?

BUCHANON
Nothing definite, Admiral. The prisoners don't seem to know any details, but an EA-2 picked up a commercial flight from Tripoli to Kabul that made an unscheduled maintenance stop at the Basra military airfield. That was two days ago.

ADMIRAL
Iraq. Fantastic. Another wild card in the Persian Gulf.

ARMY
Well I'm not buying this at all. Why in the hell would Iraq want to get involved?

BUCHANON
It's most likely they've offered sanctuary to Abu Jihad. There's also a vague possibility they may have taken delivery of the missiles for their own use.

MARA
It's also possible, sir, that they are actively supporting Abu Jihad in his use of the missiles.

Buchanon shoots her a withering look.

BUCHANON
But that's highly unlikely.

ADMIRAL
What are the Iraqis telling us?

STATE
The government has denied any knowledge of the flight or the missiles. But we're continuing to pursue this through diplomatic channels.

MARA
It's possible, Admiral, the government isn't properly informed. The whole southern war zone is under the control of Colonel Rafiq, who operates with a great deal of autonomy. Rafiq's hero is Kaddafi.

BUCHANON
Rafiq is on our side.

Mara keeps quiet, but she clearly disputes this assessment.

The Admiral thinks for a minute.

ADMIRAL
Well I'd recommend standing down from further military action until State or C.I.A. can confirm the presence of the missiles. -- If no one has anything else to add, I'll make my report to the N.S.C. -- Mr. Morrison, Mr. Hawkins, you did an outstanding job getting aboard that tub.

Before Curran can acknowledge, the Admiral heads for the door followed by his entourage of aides. Buchanon oozes over to Curran.

BUCHANON
CIA would like to add our hearty congratulations, Lieutenant, on the success of your mission.

CURRAN
One of my was killed, Mr. Buchanon, so we could capture seven boxes of sand. I wouldn't call that much of a success.

BUCHANON
You sell yourself short, Lieutenant.

CURRAN
(pointed)
Not at all. I wish everyone would do his job as well.

Buchanon walks off bitterly. Hawkins turns to Curran with a gesture of appreciation for having stood up to Buchanon.

HAWKINS
I don't know about you, son, but I could use a beverage. You ready to hit Crystal City?

CURRAN
(downcast)
Nah, go ahead. I've gotta do some map study.

HAWKINS
Son, the only thing you should be studying is the bottom of a Corona.

CURRAN
Maybe I'll catch you later.

Mara walks over as Curran edges away. He nods perfunctorily in passing.

MARA
Curran, I thought we...

She watches Curran's back disappear out the door, then turns to Hawkins.

MARA
How's he taking it?

HAWKINS
Like a champ.

Hawkins rubs his bruised chin.

INT. MARA'S FAVORITE BAR - DAY

Hawkins and Mara sit in a booth at an elegant hotel bar.

MARA
When you didn't call, I got worried.

HAWKINS
You thought I was dead?

MARA
I thought you were flaking out on me. I know you macho guys have a tendency to do that.

HAWKINS
I told Curran I'd stop seeing you.

MARA
Fine.

HAWKINS
But he said no.

Mara is relieved.

MARA
And feeling guilty, you decided to ignore me for a week.

HAWKINS
Have mercy, Mara. It takes me a while to wind down after an op.

She sees the sadness in his eyes and pretends to get tough with him.

MARA
All right, Hawkins, I'll give you another chance. You're on probation.

Hawkins cheers up a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dressed in a towel and a smile, Hawkins prepares a kitchen-sink omelette at Mara's stove. They are in a jolly mood.

MARA
Hawkins, I didn't know you were so domestic.

HAWKINS
In my house, it was cook or starve.

MARA
Your mother didn't feed you?

HAWKINS
My mother didn't even eat. She drank.

MARA
That must have hard on you.

HAWKINS
Catastrophic. My childhood makes Oliver Twist look like Leave It To Beaver.

MARA
Be serious.

Hawkins slides the omelette onto two plates and sits down at the table.

HAWKINS
I am. My father was a lush, and my mother was an insane lush.

MARA
Hawkins, that's terrible.

Hawkins relates his story in such a distanced, entertaining manner that Mara doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

HAWKINS
You should've been there the day dad had mom committed. She wouldn't let the state psychiatrist in the house, so he interviewed her through the door. Naturally she seemed crazy as a loon, which she was, and later that day the men in white coats came and dragged her away. My brother and I watched from the top of the stairs.

MARA
Are you making this up? You must have been devastated.

HAWKINS
Hell, no, I was glad. She used to beat us up. You want to feel sorry for somebody, feel sorry for my dad. She really broke his heart.

MARA
Oh Lord, no wonder you hate women.

HAWKINS
Hate women? I don't hate women.
(considers the idea)
I just don't trust 'em. But then I don't trust most men either.

Mara puts down her fork and touches Hawkins' hand.

MARA
What's a person have to do to earn your trust?

HAWKINS
I don't know. Just be there, I suppose, and do the right thing, even when it's hard.

Mara kisses him, like making a pledge.

CUT TO:

INT. CURRAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Curran interrupts the packing of his suitcase to watch a news bulletin on TV.

ON TV

Footge of an OIL TANKER being struck by a Silkworm missile. The huge vessel catches on fire and then explodes with the intensity of a billion truck bombs.

NEWSCASTER
The Greek vessel was struck in the Kuwaiti harbor by a Silkworm missile fired from Iranian-occupied Iraq. Although Iran has not claimed credit for the attack, the President issued a stern warning that any further attacks will result in massive retaliation.

HAWKINS (O.S.)
You think there's gonna be a war?

Hawkins stands in the door.

CURRAN
Nah. The Iranians just want to pull our string. War doesn't help them.

HAWKINS
Good. I hate war.

Mara appears from behind Hawkins.

MARA
Me, too.

Mara looks at Curran fondly...apologetically. Curran's resentment softens.

MARA (cont'd)
Wanna have dinner together?

CURRAN
...Yeah, sure.

MARA
You don't hate me any more?

CURRAN
(grimaces at Hawkins)
Getting messed up with this animal...I pity you.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Curran, Hawkins, and Mara eat at a steak house. They are in good spirits.

MARA
I had a funny feeling they weren't going to be on board.

CURRAN
Why?

MARA
The source was one of Buchanon's old assets that's been compromised for years.

CURRAN
Then why the hell didn't you say something?

MARA
I did. I screamed bloody murder.

CURRAN
Next time scream louder.

HAWKINS
The life you save may be mine.

Hawkins refills their glasses with wine.

MARA
If it were up to me, I'd send you jokers over to Iraq right now, get to the bottom of this.

HAWKINS
Can you wait till we finish dinner?

MARA
Relax. It'll be a couple of weeks before "diplomatic channels" lead nowhere.

INT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

Mara leads Curran and Hawkins through the empty hallways.

CURRAN
What makes you think Abu Jihad's not just biding his time?

MARA
It was something you said.

CURRAN
Something I said?

MARA
You said if Abu Jihad was so smart, why'd he buy Silkworms. I kept thinking about it, but I couldn't figure out a reasonable motive. So I worked backwards. I thought, okay, if he used them, then what? Well, if he didn't take credit for the act, people would think the Iranians did it -- just like today. They're the only ones in the area with Silkworms.

CURRAN
But why would he want the Iranians to get credit for his work?

Mara unlocks the door to her office.

MARA
There's only one situation when it makes any sense. What if Abu Jihad fired his Silkworms at American Naval vessels or ships under our protection? We'd think the Iranians did it, right?

CURRAN
Right.

MARA
And then we'd be obligated to retaliate. And that would probably draw us into war with Iran. In effect, we'd be fighting for Iraq, which explains why somebody there might want to see this plan succeed.

Mara looks for a videocassette.

HAWKINS
Why would Abu Jihad want us to go to war with Iran?

MARA
The entire Arab world would have to unite to oppose the Iranian threat, achieving one of his cherished goals -- Arab unity.

CURRAN
But that's an afterthought. What he really wants is a homeland.

MARA
Correct. The U.S. would have to swing toward the Arabs in order to conduct its war against Iran. Without U.S. opposition and finally united, the Arabs would be capable of defeating Israel militarily. Abu Jihad would get his homeland. And that's what this is all about.

Hawkins and Curran are impressed, but try not to show it. Mara finds the videocassette and shoves it in the VCR.

MARA (cont'd)
Brilliant, no?

CURRAN
Who, you or him?

HAWKINS
It's imaginative, I'll say that.

CURRAN
Way too complicated for my taste.

MARA
It's perfectly simple. And it's exactly parallel to what he did at the Rome Airport Massacre. Just as he intended, Israel blamed the PLO and derailed the peace process. -- Watch this.

Mara plays a tape of Ismail Sabbah being interrogated.

ISMAIL
I've told you a million times! I don't know where they are!
(MORE)

ISMAIL (CONT'D)
All I know is these missiles will win us our homeland.

Mara stops the tape.

MARA
Why would Abu Jihad tell his men that a handful of missiles would win them their homeland?

CURRAN
What does your boss think about your theory?

MARA
I don't care what he thinks. I'm right, goddammit. I know I am.

Curran and Hawkins are amused by her feistiness.

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKINS CAR / ON THE ROAD - NIGHT

Hawkins drives, the radio blaring. Curran reclines, hat over eyes.

HAWKINS
Son, you awake?

CURRAN
(slides hat)
Yeah...?

HAWKINS
I just wanted to say I think you're a mighty big man.

CURRAN
Forget it.

HAWKINS
I won't forget it. I'm grateful.

CURRAN
Don't be, hoss. I'm just waiting you out. Your blitzkrieg tactics are no match for my superior strategy.

HAWKINS
Don't get your hopes up, son. This could be it.

CURRAN
I give it a week. Max.

Curran leans back and tips his hat over his eyes.

ON THE ROAD

Zoom! Hawkins' car streaks out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. SNUG HARBOR - NIGHT

Curran, Kahuna, Doc, and few of the other Seals hang out, drink beer, and shoot pool. Curran sets up a shot.

KAHUNA
Whatever happened to Hawkins? Haven't seen his ugly face around here for ages.

HOLLYWOOD
Didn't he tell you? He's got a new squeeze. Some State Department bitch, likes to get on top.

Curran blows his shot.

DOC
This must be a record for Hawkins. What is it, two weeks?

KAHUNA
He was with Holly for years.

DOC
I mean two weeks in a row.

HOLLYWOOD
Man, if I had me a woman looked like Holly, I woulda stopped right there.

KAHUNA
Hey, Curran, whatever happened to Holly?

CURRAN
She's still around.

DOC
Well I can't wait to meet this new babe. She must be mighty fine.

HOLLYWOOD
Hawkins says he's bringing her down for the party Saturday.

KAHUNA
(with sadistic glee)
Think she's ready to meet the family?

Everybody laughs. Except Curran.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROG MANOR - DAY

The platoon, their girl friends, wives, and various Seals from other teams cavort at a pool party at a luxurious beach house rented by Hollywood, Wipeout, and two others. The house is far more splendid that you'd expect they could afford. Ramos tends the barbecue. The bodies on view are spectacular.

Hamami carries in four cases of beer.

Hawkins escorts Mara into the yard.

HAWKINS
If it gets too intense for you, let me know.

MARA
I can take it.

Hawkins isn't so sure. Hollywood greets them.

HOLLYWOOD
Welcome to my humble abode. You must be the sacrificial virgin.

HAWKINS
Mara, this is Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD
Enchante.

HAWKINS
These are pretty fancy digs, Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD
We share it with McClintock and Butz from Team Four. We're never in the same hemisphere at the same time.

Hawkins scans the crowd and comes upon Curran playing in the pool with the most spectacular blonde the casting director can find. This is HOLLY. You might consider ruining your life to spend a little time with her.

Holly swims between Curran's legs, dunks him, and they wrestle in the water. Her distinctive GIGGLE cuts the air. When they surface, Curran and Holly find Hawkins standing at the edge of the pool, staring at them.

CURRAN
(mimicking Hawkins)
Sonnn.

Curran and Holly walk out of the pool, arms around each other, dripping like in a sexy commercial. The three of them paste on phony smiles.

HAWKINS
Hi, Holly.

HOLLY
Hello, Hawkins. I thought you were dead.

HAWKINS
Hoss, gotta talk to you a minute.

Hawkins takes Curran by the arm and pulls him aside. He displays a phony smile as he snarls at Curran.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Son, what is this horseshit?

CURRAN
You're not going out with Holly any more.

HAWKINS
She's my spare. I'm holding her in reserve.

CURRAN
Let's not get greedy now.

Mara watches the exchange and can't help noticing Holly, who is now besieged by four Seals who want to carry her towel.

Hawkins accepts Curran's logic, but he's still upset.

HAWKINS
I don't think this is very funny. I expected a little more maturity from you.

Hawkins walks off, smiling broadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Curran walks Holly to the door. She kisses him good night and doesn't want to stop. He pulls away.

HOLLY
Don't you want to come in?

CURRAN
I'm kind of tired, Holly. But, uh, pick you up at eleven?

She smiles conspiratorially.

HOLLY
Fine, eleven.

Curran leaves with an affectionate look back.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - DAY

Hawkins and Mara are enjoying a sumptuous brunch.

MARA
You think being stationed abroad is going to be so exotic, but in Baghdad I was practically a prisoner at the embassy....

Hawkins sees Curran and Holly in the omelette line. Holly hangs all over Curran, and she has that bleary, relaxed, just-got-out-of-bed look. Hawkins spaces out.

MARA (cont'd)
You all right?

HAWKINS
(snaps to)
Yeah, fine.

Hawkins necks tenses as he forces down a forkful of quiche.

CUT TO:

INT. CURRAN AND HAWKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Curran and Hawkins type up some reports. There's a lot of tension in the room.

CURRAN
By the way, can you lead the drill tomorrow?

HAWKINS
Sure. Why?

CURRAN
Mara and I have to drive up to Washington. Meeting with Buchanon.

HAWKINS
About the Silkworms?

CURRAN
Yeah. Mara says she's almost convinced him she's right. She wants me to back her up.

HAWKINS
Have fun.

CURRAN
I thought we'd get dinner in town, so we probably won't be back till late.

HAWKINS
Why are you telling me?

CURRAN
I just don't want you to be worried.

HAWKINS
I'm not.

CURRAN
Good.

Curran files his report and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCHANON'S OFFICE - DAY

Curran and Mara sit across from Buchanon at his desk. A television plays more bad news from the Persian Gulf. Frenetic activity in the office creates a sense of urgency.

BUCHANON
The American convoy is arriving in Kuwait in three days, and Mara has convinced the Secretary to take the
(MORE)

BUCHANON (CONT'D)
risks involved in destroying the missiles...if it's feasible.

Buchanon stands up and pulls down a map. He points out a spot.

BUCHANON (cont'd)
We've tracked the missiles to this general area , about fifteen miles upriver, in the war zone.

MARA
Near where Iran has been firing their Silkworms.

BUCHANON
Can you get in and out undetected?

Curran gets up and studies the map.

BUCHANON (cont'd)
The area is heavily fortified and patrolled.

CURRAN
What would we have to do?

BUCHANON
Infiltrate, eyeball the missiles, and plant guidance beacons in the vicinity. Smart bombs'll do the rest.

CURRAN
Do we have any friendly agents in the area?

BUCHANON
If we did, we wouldn't need you.

CURRAN
And you can't get the Iraqis to step in?

BUCHANON
Lieutenant, if we had a satisfactory response from the Iraqis, we wouldn't be considering covert action on their territory.

MARA
My guess is Colonel Rafiq is in cahoots with Abu Jihad.
(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)
And he's keeping the government in the dark.

±
Curran mulls things over.

CURRAN
This is very difficult. We're going into a hostile war zone, facing possible opposition from Iraq, Iran, and the terrorists. The tides in the river are fierce. The swamp and waterways are minded. And the operation has to be completely non-attributable.

Curran looks at Mara and sees how deeply she cares about this operation.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Yeah, we can do it.

Buchanon makes his decision.

BUCHANON
All right, Lieutenant, start practicing for riverene assault. As soon as we pinpoint the missiles, I have a very strong feeling you'll be visiting the Persian Gulf.

Buchanon turns to Mara, worn down but affectionate.

BUCHANON (cont'd)
I'll speak to the Admiral.

Mara kisses Buchanon on the cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Curran's car drives down a verdant country road.

CURRAN
I just hope you realize that my men could be wounded or killed.

MARA
Curran, this is important. I know my theory is right.

CURRAN
How do you know?

MARA
I know Abu Jihad. I know how he thinks. Besides, if we don't get the missiles now, they'll put them on small boats, and we'll never find them.

Curran looks at Mara, trying to be skeptical, but actually convinced. He turns down a private tree-lined drive.

MARA (cont'd)
The war you're going to prevent would change the balance of power in the entire world. Iran would be driven into the Soviet orbit, and the Russian would have a lock on all of southern Asia.

CURRAN
I wish you weren't so goddam persuasive.

The car approaches a colonial mansion.

MARA
This restaurant must be new. I never even knew it existed.

The car comes to a stop in front of the veranda. MRS. MORRISON, Curran's grandmother, a distinguished old lady in her seventies, comes out and greets them.

MRS. MORRISON
You're early, you hooligan. You must have been speeding the whole way.

MARA
(to Curran)
Nonny?

Curran nods to Mara, then springs from the car and kisses his grandmother.

CURRAN
Nonny, this is Mara.

MRS. MORRISON
Hello, dear.

MARA
Pleased to meet you Mrs. Morrison. Curran used to talk about you all the time.

MRS. MORRISON
So you're the vixen who broke my little boy's heart.

Mara grins, embarrassed. Nonny takes her arm and escorts her up the stairs.

INT. MANSION - DUSK

Mara enters the elegant foyer.

MRS. MORRISON
Ethan, your grandson is here!

ADM. MORRISON (O.S.)
Bring him in. I'm watching the news.

Mrs. Morrison leads them into a beautifully furnished sitting room. ADMIRAL MORRISON, a distinguished old gentleman, tears his eyes from the tv screen for a second.

TV

We see footage of the U.S. convoy steaming toward Kuwait. We also see various frightening footage of ships burning, Iranian patrol boats, jets firing missiles, and Moslem fanatics on the rampage.

BACK TO SCENE

ADMIRAL MORRISON
When are they going to have you boys blow up those stupid patrol boats?

MAIN PARLOR - NIGHT

Curran, Mara, Mrs. Morrison, and ADMIRAL MORRISON drink cognac and get a tour of the old man's spectacular collection of model sailing vessels.

ADMIRAL MORRISON
But after the Battle of Mandragore, the three-masters were obsolete. Shame, too. The most elegant ships to sail the seas.

Mara admires the model three-master that the Admiral points out.

ADM. MORRISON
The Secretary of the Navy used to keep that in his office. Curran and I built it -- when was it? -- that summer in Vermont.

Curran remembers the summer.

MARA
It's beautiful.

Mara looks at Curran.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Curran and Mara wave good-bye as they car pulls away.

MARA
You're shameless. Do you think things like this impress me?

CURRAN
Of course.

Mara smiles and lets the cool night breeze blow through her hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO LITTLE CREEK - NIGHT

Curran and Mara arrive at the city limits.

MARA
You can drop me at my car. It's on the base.

CURRAN
It doesn't matter. I'll drop you Hawkins.

Mara looks appreciatively at Curran. What a guy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWKINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Curran's car pulls up in front of the house. In the driveway, parked behind Hawkins' car, is a pink Mustang with license plates that read HOLLY. Awkward moment.

CURRAN
I'll drop you at your car.

Curran puts a reassuring hand on top of Mara's.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE MARA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hawkins jauntily knocks on her door, holding a bouquet of flowers. Mara opens the door with a sour look on her face.

HAWKINS
Hey, Baby, I missed you.

MARA
Oh, Hawkins, how sweet. I'll put them in water.

Hawkins enters the room and watches as Mara goes into the bathroom, dumps the flowers in the toilet, and flushes. Uh-oh.

MARA (cont'd)
I can't believe I was so stupid. I mean you stepped right out of the profile -- the absolute typical special operations asshole.

HAWKINS
What'd I do?

MARA
Don't treat me like an idiot, Hawkins. I'm not one of your frog hogs.

HAWKINS
Look, I'm sorry. I guess I'm a dickhead...But I really care about you.

MARA
You're incapable of caring about anybody. Your whole life depends on denying your emotions and running from yourself.

HAWKINS
C'mon, Mara, I'm trying to change. Give me another chance.

MARA
This was your other chance.

Mara opens the door and stares coldly.

MARA (cont'd)
Good-bye, Hawkins.

Hawkins is beginning to realize he's made a terrible mistake. He turns and goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

TWO SEAFOX PATROL BOATS nestle against a narrow dock. In full operational equipment, Curran's and Hawkins' squads prepare for an exercise.

KAHUNA
Come on, assholes. You're burning moonlight. Let's go.

Hawkins strides up late, adjusting his fighting vest. He locks eyes with Curran.

HAWKINS
You set me up.

CURRAN
You're the one with the hormonal imbalance.

Curran steps onto his boat and gives the signal to go.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Don't feel bad. It was inevitable.

The boat roars away from the dock.

CURRAN (cont'd)
See you on target...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER A WHARF ON CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

Huddled around a piling, Curran, Hamami, Hollywood, and Wipeout put the finishing touches on a fine-looking demolition charge. No one looks too happy. Curran glances at his watch and frowns.

HOLLYWOOD
Jesus, this is taking all night.

Wipeout surfaces and pulls off his face mask. He hands Curran a length of detonation cord.

WIPEOUT
Christ, I'm sorry, Mr. Morrison. The current was a bitch.

Curran takes the detonation cord and quickly winds it into his charge.

CURRAN
Save it for the de-brief. We've got a long swim to catch the bus.

EXT. OPEN WATER ON CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

Hawkins and crew are assembled in a swimmer line. Hawkins checks his watch and also frowns. Everybody is extremely nervous. Hawkins makes the hard call.

HAWKINS
All right, that's it. Light the strobe.

JEEZE
You don't want to give 'em another five minutes?

HAWKINS
The current's dragging us out of the pick-up location now. In five more minutes, we'll be doing drown-proofing for real.

Jeeze turns on an infra-red strobe.

In a line, the squad members raise their arms and make a fist. O.S. the THROBBING of a powerful diesel engine begins to BUILD.

Out of nowhere, a Sea Fox patrol boat materializes. Strapped to its side is a small inflatable raft. In the raft, Mongo stands with a black nylon swimmer recovery sling.

The Sea Fox is hauling ass and does not slow down as it approaches the men in the water. At the boat SCREAMS past the line of swimmers, Mongo snares each of the men and pulls the swimmers right from the water into the boat. In a matter of seconds, the Sea Fox and all seven men are gone.

CURRAN AND SQUAD

surface in the featureless Bay and look around. On the horizon, the lights of Virginia Beach are a distant glow. They are far from shore.

CURRAN
Looks like we missed the bus.

HAMAMI
Want me to put up a flare?

CURRAN
If this was real, you wouldn't get the chance. We're gonna kick, stroke, and glide.

Everyone silently groans at the exhausting prospect. Curran pulls down his mask and leads them toward the very distant lights.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Headlights shine into the water. Hawkins and Kahuna sit atop the hood of a deuce-and-a-half truck. Hawkins is still wearing his wet suit, but his hair and equipment are bone dry. The rest of the platoon is scattered about, bored, staring into the bay. They've obviously been waiting a long time.

HAWKINS
Maybe we oughta call search and rescue.

KAHUNA
(less concerned)
For a four mile surface swim? Gimme a break.

A few moments pass, then Curran slogs out of the water into the headlights, followed by Hamami and the others.

HAWKINS
Three hours and nineteen minutes -- course record.

CURRAN
(panting)
Save it.

KAHUNA
What happened, Mr. Morrison?

CURRAN
Security pinned us under the pier, and we couldn't make it out before the tide changed.

HAWKINS
My guys didn't have any trouble.

CURRAN
We're on the same team, Hawkins, remember?

HAWKINS
Hey, I think I deserve a fuckin' medal! I held the goddamn extraction for forty-five fuckin' minutes!

Curran is right in Hawkins' face. The platoon gathers around with the astonished looks of children watching their parents fight.

CURRAN
You should have held that extract till fuckin' hell froze over! You left me and my element exposed in the field to die. You want to play fair-weather frogman, get yourself some shore duty, 'cause I'm not gonna operate with a fucking coward!

Hawkins shoves Curran.

HAWKINS
Who're you calling a coward?!
Who're you calling a coward?!

Curran shoves back. An instant before cocked fists connect, a HONKING Jeep speeds right up to them and Captain Dunn steps out. The Captain's piercing eyes take in everything.

CAPTAIN DUNN
All right, divorce court's over. Master Chief, get your knuckle-draggers in the truck. The balloon just went up.

The platoon files into the truck. Captain Dunn hones in on Curran and Hawkins.

CAPTAIN DUNN (cont'd)
You know, if I bashed both your goddamn heads together, I might get one decent officer out of the two of you. I don't know what kind of pissing contest you two are involved in, but put it on ice. The missiles have been found.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT: AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

U.S.S. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
PERSIAN GULF

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

In the high WHINE of helicopter turbines, the Seals climb into a blacked out CH-47. Mara, Landau, and Captain Dunn see them off.

Curran and Mara decorously shake hands. They look at each other with deep affection. Curran heads into the helo.

Hawkins stalks over to Mara and rivets her with a look.

HAWKINS
I'm coming back for you.

Before Mara can even respond, Hawkins has turnd away and boarded the helo.

A FLIGHT DECK CREWMAN raises his hands. The CH-47 lifts itself from the flight deck.

Mara watches as the helo rises. Hawkins and Curran look down at her.

With a flourish, the crewman directs the helo away, and it banks into the sunset.

INT. HELO - NIGHT

Hawkins and Curran stare at each other with enmity, still full of bad blood.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT: HELO OVER WATER - NIGHT

INT. HELO - NIGHT

Dressed in wetsuits, faces blackened, platoon members pull back canvas tarps from two large objects, revealing the black cigar-like shapes of TWO SWIMMER DELIVERY VEHICLES -- high-tech mini-subs. State of the art.

WIPEOUT
I'm confused. Whose side are we on in this war?

HOLLYWOOD
Beats me, blondie. I try to stay out of politics.

Fifty feet below them, the surface of the water glimmers in the moonlight. The crewman flashes Curran a hand signal.

CURRAN
Thirty seconds.

Regulators go into mouths. Hawkins takes out his chewing gum, looks at Curran, and instead smushes the gum onto the wall of the helicopter.

KAHUNA
Lay hold!

The men grab hold of the SDVs and stand ready. The helo is now twenty feet from the surface of the water.

CURRAN
Go!

The men roll the SDVs down the pallets on rollers, launching them out the rear ramp, then leaping out after them.

IN THE WATER - NIGHT

As the SDVs submerge, the men quickly assemble around them and climb aboard. Two PILOTS take the controls. The propellers kick to life, and the mini-subs penetrate the darkness and disappear.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Side by side, the SDVs cut through the blackness.

COCKPIT SDV - NIGHT

AN SDV PILOT holds up his fist to Curran. Both boats slow down and settle onto the muddy bottom. The squads disengage, drag a couch-sized bundle from each vehicle, and swim for the surface.

As Curran leaves the cockpit, the Pilot grabs his arm. Curran turns. The Pilot is holding an underwater slate that reads, "Good luck." The Pilot flips the slate over. On the other side is written, "Don't step on your dick."

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED RIVER BANK - NIGHT

A reed-choked section of desolate swamp. The two squads surface quietly and drag the large bundles into the reeds. As some of the squad members ready their weapons, others weigh down the mysterious bundles and sink them.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Freak, tell Lord Byron we've inserted.

Curran produces a compass and shoots a couple of bearings.

KAHUNA
Well, we in the right country?

CURRAN
I make it about three, four clicks to target. But we're not gonna make much time in these reeds.
(to platoon)
Let's move it out.

The squads assemble themselves in a column and tread their way upstream through the chest-deep muck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

The patrol slinks along an overgrown riverbank. Kahuna suddenly raises his fist. The patrol halts instantly, except Hamami. Kahuna roughly grabs him by the shirt front.

KAHUNA
Freeze.

Visible in the moonlight, Hamami's boot rests an inch from a strage, wing-shaped piece of metal. It looks inert enough, almost like a piece of litter. Very deadly litter.

KAHUNA
Butterfly bombs.

Small, Soviet-made air-deployed mines. They're bad news. Scattered in the grass at the patrol's feet there are other "butterflies," hundreds of them.

CURRAN
Jesus Christ.

The patrol stands locked in place like children caught in the game of freeze tag.

CURRAN
Big Dog, what'ya got up there?

Big Dog squints into the moonlight. Up ahead, other mines are visible.

BIG DOG
Deep shit.

CURRAN
All right, campers. We're gonna take it back exactly the way we came. Same tracks. Footprint to footprint.

HOLLYWOOD
Man, why'd it have to butterfly bombs? I hate butterfly bombs.

The Seals turn, retracing their steps gingerly and exactly. Hamami stares down at the little piece of death resting next to his foot. He lifts his foot with a slowness agonizing to watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

The patrol continues to slog through the dense reeds -- slow, arduous going. Curran frowns at his map and points his compass into the night. Hawkins trudges over, pissed.

HAWKINS
Two clicks in four hours. We're not going to make the first window.

CURRAN
(rolling up his map)
Then we'll hit the target tomorrow night.

HAWKINS
If we get out of these reeds, we could make better time.

A flas and the DULL THUNDER of an artillery barrage rolls over them.

CURRAN
There's a war going on out there, Hawkins. We leave the reeds, we get compromised.

HAWKINS
But we'd make the hit tonight.

CURRAN
What's your hurry? Got a hot date?

Hawkins walks away, seething. Curran turns to Freak.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Freak, tell Lord Byron insertion's delayed. Tell them we'll continue until dawn, then lay up at point alpha.

Freak fishes up his radio handset and makes the call. Curran turns to his men.

CURRAN (cont'd)
The swamp should break up ahead. Now move out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST BANK OF THE EUPHRATES RIVER - DAWN

The squads probe through the thick undergrowth and over a small rise. Three hundred yards across the river are the scattered lights of the TARGET WHARF and a sizeable Iraqi storage dump.

CURRAN
Silkworm central.

He raises his fist and circles it in the air.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Get comfy, we'll lay up here.

The platoon fans out. Curran turns sternly to Hawkins.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Set the watch.

Without replying, Hawkins does as he's told.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Hidden in the undergrowth, Curran raises a pair of binoculars to his face. After a moment, Jeeze and Hawkins crawl on elbows up to him.

POV BINOCULARS

The wharf bakes in the sun. Supplies, soldiers, several small buildings, but no outward sign of the missiles.

BACK TO SCENE

CURRAN
Big place. But only one building's got full time guards.

HAWKINS
And room service...

Jeeze raises the rifle to his eye.

POV RIFLE SIGHT

The telephoto scope clearly shows the soldiers pulling a fuel hose through a narrow opening in the hangar doors.

Jeeze hits the thermal switch. In the weird light of the thermal sight, the fuel truck shows itself to be half full. Twenty people (terrorists?) are revealed inside the wharf.

CURRAN
What'cha got?

JEEZE
I make the fuel truck, and maybe twenty more bad guys inside.

CURRAN
Got the missiles?

JEEZE
Temperature differential isn't enough...I can't read the inside very well, not while the sun's out.

Curran frowns.

CURRAN
There's no other building that could hold them. Fuel truck fits...
(to Hawkins)
What do you think?

HAWKINS
We should have made the hit last night.

Hawkins walks away.

CUT TO:

The Seals set a perimeter around the sprawled bodies and listen for signs of additional intruders. Curran and Hawkins move toward the dead commandoes.

CURRAN
Any hits?

The Seals all indicate they're unhurt.

KAHUNA
We're golden.

Freak looks in utter frustration at the hole in his radio. He clicks the switch off and on. It's dead.

FREAK
Satcom's history.

HAWKINS
Fucking terrific.

CURRAN
Can you bring it back up?

Freak pulls the radio off the back of one of the dead commandoes.

FREAK
Maybe if I get real creative.

CURRAN
When these jokers don't show up for dinner, someone's going to come looking.

Hawkins flips over the body of the Pointman with his foot. He lifts the weapon from his hands. On it's stock is a decal of the Ayatollah Khomeini. He holds the weapon up for Curran to see.

HAWKINS
Not <u>these</u> jokers.

CURRAN
Iranians...

Hawkins crouches and examins their equipment.

HAWKINS
Loaded for bear. This was a demolition team.

DOC
Wonder how they found out?

KAHUNA
Shit, we should'a let them do this gig for us.

CURRAN
First come, first serve.
(to Kahuna)
Bury 'em.

As they drag a body away, Wipeout turns to Hollywood.

WIPEOUT
Now I'm confused again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST BANK OF EUPHRATES RIVER - NIGHT

Faces cammied, Hawkins and Wipeout don their wet suits. Jeeze looks through the starlight scope.

NIGHTVISION TELEPHOTO POV: THE WHARF

The Iraqi forces outside the wharf have been beefed up and show a lot more discipline. Sentries keep their eyes trained on the water. Searchlights scan frequently.

EAST BANK

Kahuna produces the BEACONS -- two black electronic gizmos about the size of lunch boxes.

CURRAN
Alright. Since we dropped off the net, Lord Byron is going to go to attack plan Romeo. Five minutes after he copies the beacon signals, it's bombs away. Hawkins, Wipeout, get in and get out. I don't want to be anywhere near ground zero when the fireworks start.

Hawkins tucks one beacon into his suit.

HAWKINS
I wish we were already gone.

Hawkins signals to Wipeout, and they slip into the water.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Hawkins and Wipeout drift along by a floating log. Ahead of them, downstream, is the pier. They place the regulators in their mouths and immediately sink.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Hawkins and Wipeout swim side by side.

EAST BANK

Freak edges over to Curran, dragging the American and Iranian radios, which he has jury-rigged together into an ungainly contraption.

FREAK
You want the good news or the bad news?

CURRAN
Give it to me double-barrel.

FREAK
We can receive, but we can't transmit.

CURRAN
At all?

FREAK
Not unless you want to chat with the Iranian Army.

CUT TO:

AIRCRAFT CARRIER ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER - NIGHT

ADMIRAL SPENSER chomps a cigar and paces behind his RADIO OPERATOR. Mara and Landau are among the command team in the background.

ADMIRAL
Anything from Voltaire?

RADIO
Nothing, sir, not since last night.

The Admiral turns to the ELECTRONIC WARFARE OFFICE.

ADMIRAL
Beacons?

EWO
Scope's clean, Admiral.

The Admiral is worried. His teeth grind the cigar. This must be somebody's fault.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE EUPHRATES - NIGHT

Hawkins floats lazily up and breaks the surface. Like a crocodile, only his eyes show. He sees the wharf nearby.

On a routine pass, the spot of a search light glides over the river. Hawkins submerges just as the light pans over and away. A close call.

EXT. UNDER THE WHARF - NIGHT

Filthy water pulls at the pilings, pipes, and tires. Hawkins surfaces and pulls down his mask. He is joined a second later by Wipeout.

They swim quietly from piling to piling. Overhead, the click of sentry's boots. The Seals take off their Dregger rigs and lash them to one of the pilings. They remove the beacons from their suits. Together they move down the pier toward the landing.

CURRAN

Watches through binoculars.

UNDER THE PIER

Hawkins shinnies up a splintery piling and hand-over-hands his way along a support member. Wipeout performs the same acrobatic feat. They place their beacons against the top of the pier and flick a switch.

EAST BANK

Freak has the handset pressed to his ear.

FREAK
Beacons are on.

CURRAN
All right. Five minutes and the Silkworms'll be fucking history.

KAHUNA
Everybody get ready to move out.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER / COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER - NIGHT

The Electronic Warfare Officer sees two new dots appear on his screen. He places his finger to his headset.

WARFARE
We've got the beacons, Admiral.

Everyone is relieved, especially Mara.

ADMIRAL
Get me Indigo. Tell him to proceed to fire support area Zulu.

RADIO
Indigo, Indigo, this is Bumper Car...

INT. F-14 - NIGHT

A PILOT and RADIO INTERCEPT OFFICER man the equipment.

RADIO (O.S.)
...Proceed to fire support area Zulu. Operational window is open.

PILOT
Indigo, roger.

EXT. F-14

The fighter climbs and banks toward its target.

EAST BANK

Curran gazes across the river. The platoon is packed and ready to go.

CURRAN
Come on, Hawkins. Get the hell out of there.

Jeeze takes his eyes from the Starlight Scope.

JEEZE
Mr. Morrison, we've got river traffic. Definitely hostile.

Curran follows Jeeze's gaze and sees something that's very bad news.

UNDER THE WHARF

As Hawkins and Wipeout swim back toward their rigs, a THROBBING NOISE comes closer -- the sound of powerful engines at an idle. An Iraqi OSPREY CLASS PATROL BOAT glides up against the pier. It ties up to the piling onto which Hawkins and Wipeout have hidden their rigs.

CURRAN

Watches the unfolding scene with plain dismay.

CURRAN
They're pinned...

WHARF

COLONEL RAFIQ steps off of the patrol boat and proceeds down the pier. As he approaches the wharf, the giant hangar doors slide open. Abu Jihad steps out grandly and embraces Rafiq.

KAHUNA
Who's the brass hat?

CURRAN
Iraqi district commander. Colonel Rafiq.

INT. F-14

The PILOT gets on the radio.

PILOT
Bumper Car this is Indigo. Have reached fire support area Zulu. Beacon's copied. Request permission to engage target.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER - NIGHT

ADMIRAL
Tell Indigo he is cleared to fire.

RADIO
Indigo, this is Bumper Car. You are cleared to fire.

INT. F-14

The Pilot finger presses the FIRE button.

PILOT
Bumper Car, Indigo. Birds away.

EXT. F-14

Two BULLPUP missiles streak away from the Tomcat.

The audience goes nuts as two and a half tons of radar-guided hate and discontent streak toward their target.

WHARF

Incredibly, unexpectedly, seven trucks pulling Silkworm missiles on trailers start filing out of the wharf.

BIG DOG
I don't fucking believe it.

DOC
Did we get compromised?

The missiles roll right by Abu Jihad and Colonel Rafiq, who continue to converse calmly.

KAHUNA
Seems pretty leisurely for an evacuation.

CURRAN
Jeeze, give me a lock on those Silkworms. Are they fueled?

Jeeze passes the thermal sight over the trailer and missiles.

JEEZE
Topped off and ready to go.

CURRAN
They're not evacuating. They're deploying.

Before the team can respond, the trucks are around the corner -- out of sight -- gone.

Abu Jihad and Colonel Rafiq pile into the same jeep and bring up the rear of the missile parade.

KAHUNA
Make the call, boss.

CURRAN
Our missiles must be in-bound by now. Soon as they hit, we'll follow the trucks.

HOLLYWOOD
What about Hawkins?

UNDER THE PIER

Hawkins and Wipeout press themselves into the shadows, hiding from the patrol boat crew, mere feet away.

Wipeout glances nervously at Hawkins. Hawkins glances nervously at his watch.

A LOW WHISTLING SOUND can be heard in the distance: the distinctive sound of incoming ordinance.

Wipeout indicates he wants to make a run for it. Hawkins points to the well-armed men on the patrol boat and indicates they should wait. Wipeout is shitting bricks.

DECK OF PATROL BOAT

The Crewmen keep chatting until the low whistle builds into a SHRIEK. Somebody spots a dot in the sky and points. The two Bullpups are streaking down to earth like fiery comets.

Everybody springs into action. The engines crank up.

EAST BANK

The Seals watch tensely, waiting for Hawkins and Wipeout to appear. Curran is the most concerned of all.

CURRAN
Come on, Hawkins.

PIER

As the SHRIEK of the incoming missile grows frighteneing, the Terrorists and soldiers scatter. The patrol boat roars away at flank speed.

UNDER THE WHARF

HAWKINS
Go!

Wiepout and Hawkins swim for their lives.

EAST BANK

While the other Seals cover their heads, Curran keeps watching for signs of his old buddy and Wipeout.

CURRAN
(desperately)
Come on, Hawkins.

The missiles zip overhead and a split second later...

WHARF

Two direct hits vaporize the wharf in a thunderous cataclysm.

EAST BANK

From across the river, it's a fabulous spectacle. The firelight bathes the faces of Curran and company, who watch breathlessly for a sign of Hawkins and Wipeout.

RIVER

Hawkins and Wipeout surface amid the rain of burning debris. The destruction is rather impressive.

HAWKINS
(flat)
Wow.

They slap a high five.

EAST BANK

The platoon is greatly relieved.

Hawkins and Wipeout emerge from the water and climb the slippery bank. To their surprise, the rest of the platoon emotionlessly organizes their materiel.

HAWKINS
Hail the conquering heroes.

CURRAN
Nice try, but they moved the missiles.

Hawkins doesn't quite comprehend.

CURRAN (cont'd)
They got away.

The wind goes out of Hawkins.

HAWKINS
Nooo.

CURRAN
Get your boots on. We're going after them.

Hawkins is stunned. He paces a while and watches everyone pack up.

HAWKINS
This is insanity. We're ten miles up the Euphrates River in a war zone. We've got no communications.
(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)
We just shot the load on our air support, and we're six kilometers from our exfil point. I say we extract and call it a nightmare.

CURRAN
Negative. The missiles rolled out of here topped off and ready to fly. We're taking them out.

HAWKINS
If we'd taken 'em out last night, none of this would have happened.

CURRAN
If we don't take 'em out now, we'll have a war.

HAWKINS
Look, Morrison, don't get the rest of us killed to make up for your mistake.

Curran stops and considers what Hawkins has said.

CURRAN
I'm gonna complete the mission, Hawkins, with you or fucking without you.

Up ahead, they see the missiles cross a bridge and drive onto their side of river, toward the front, artillery fire, and Iranian occupied territory. Curran addresses the platoon.

CURRAN (cont'd)
Okay, we got our first lucky break. Let's go.

MONGO
(ironic, to Big Dog)
Why don't I feel lucky?

Curran waves his hand. The squads move out.

Hawkins lags behind and watches the platoon patrol ahead. Alone, furious, frustrated, he grabs his CAR-15 and follows them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. IRAQI GHOST TOWN - NIGHT

Abu Jihad, Rafiq, and the missiles snake into an abandoned, combat-ravaged town in the no-man's land that used to be southern Iraq. The bodies of Iraqi and Iranian soldiers still litter the streets. The convoy of missiles rolls through the town toward the ruins of the mosque.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A narrow two-lane penetrates the marsh. In the ditches on either side, Curran and Hawkin's squads lie in the weeds. Jeeze peers through the thermal scope down the road.

JEEZE
Truck.

Doc finishes buttoning a camouflaged blouse to a pair of cammie pants, each stuffed with a CO2 activated life jacket. He pulls the inflation toggles and...instant scarecrow. Doc tosses a knot of parachute line across the road. Big Dog catches it just as headlights are beginning to show.

CURRAN
Haul away.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT

A large, heavy IRAQI DRIVER cruises with his foot to the floor. His headlights fall on what appears to be a human being crawling across the road. The Driver slams on the brakes.

EXT. ROAD SIDE NIGHT

The Driver walks over to the scarecrow. THUMP. A silenced pistol shot rings out. The Drive hits the pavement. Curran steps from the weeds as the rest of the platoon prepares to pile aboard the cargo compartment of the truck. But inside...

INT. TRUCK

The truck's cargo consists of TEN TEENAGE IRANIAN PRISONERS OF WAR, bound hand and foot. Hawkins and Mongo point their weapons at the frightened kids. Mongo looks to Hawkins for the sign to start shooting. Hawkins makes an agonizing decision.

HAWKINS
Cut 'em loose.

EXT. TRUCK

Curran turns the Driver's body over and begins to undress him. He tosses the shirt to Hamami.

CURRAN
You're driving.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Swallowed up in the big Driver's clothes, Hamami grinds gears. From the cargo compartment, Curran peers through the canvas tarp over Hamami's shoulder.

HAMAMI
Oh shit, sir. Looks like a roadblock.

Looming in the headlights, a jeep blocks the road.

CURRAN
(to Seals)
OK, campers, sobriety checkpoint.
(to Hamami)
Tell them you're with Colonel Rafiq. Get pissed. Demand they let you pass.

HAMAMI
W-What if they don't?

Curran drops the tarp and disappears.

CURRAN (O.S)
They'll probably shoot you as a spy.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK - NIGHT

Very low tech. One jeep and a tent. TWO IRAQI SOLDIERS relax nearby, listening to ARAB MUSIC. In the tent, an authoritative IRAQI OFFICER reads the paper.

Hamami bring the truck to stop. One of the soldiers saunters over. (In Arabic, with subtitles)

SOLDIER
Papers?

Hamami launches into an incredible harangue. Soldier 1 is suitably intimidated. He issues permission to pass, and Soldier 2 backs the jeep from the road.

Just then, the officer emerges from the tent.

OFFICER
Has this vehicle been searched?

FIRST SOLDIER
No sir, it's part of Colonel Rafiq's convoy.

The Officer draws his pistol and wrenches Hamami from the cab. Pressing the gun against his temple, he marches Hamami to the back of the of the truck.

OFFICER
Open it!

Hamami does not move. The Officer pulls back on the hammer of the pistol.

OFFICER (cont'd)
OPEN IT!

As Hamami hesitantly reaches for the canvas, the Officer's head is blown off. Before the soldiers can even blink, Kahuna and Hollywood throw aside the tarp and cut them down.

Through the 3 foot by 3 foot hole in the canvas created by the muzzle blast, Jeeze can be seen lowering his thermal-sighted sniper rifle -- not a foot from where the officer stood.

At the tail gate, Hamami stands mute -- spattered with the officer's last thoughts. Curran slaps his shoulder.

CURRAN
You did great. Now drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS - LATER

The truck has come to a stop on a dirt crossroad. In the glare of headlights, Ramos bends down and inspects the tire tracks.

RAMOS
They went thataway.

Ramos points. In that direction, a noisy Iranian ARTILLERY barrage lights the night.

CURRAN
Dismount here. We'll patrol the rest of the way in.

Hawkins pulls Curran by the arm.

HAWKINS
Wait a minute. Rest of the way where?

CURRAN
(pulls free)
Why not come along and find out?

The Seals assemble into a column and move out.

INT. COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER - NIGHT

The mood is a lot more relaxed now, except for Mara who quietly approaches the Radioman.

MARA
Still no word?

The Radioman shakes his head. Mara steps away, very worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL TOP

Curran presses himself against a rocky outcropping and peers down the hill. A small hamlet sprawls below them -- Abu Jihad's ghost town. Jeeze swings the big rifle into position and presses his eye to the scope.

CURRAN
Whattaya got?

Jeeze pans over the darkened town.

JEEZE
I got vehicles, parked, but the engines are still warm...lots of booger-eaters... Bingo! Silkworms.

Curran leans over to look through the scope. Kahuna lifts a pair of binoculars to his face.

POV RIFLE SCOPE

Seven mounded dirt revetments have been constructed in two groups on opposite sides of the large central square in front of the ruined mosque -- about 100 yards apart. Trucks carefully back-in the last of the missile trailers into the dirt firing positions. TECHNICIANS hurriedly perform the complex procedures necessary to pre-flight the weapons for launch.

Across the courtyard, two van-like control trucks are readied. They each control a group of missiles, three on one side, four on the other.

BACK TO HILL TOP

Kahuna lowers his binoculars. The squads and Curran crouch around him.

CURRAN
Check the bearing of the launchers, Hawkins. Southeast. Kuwait. The US convoy anchorage.

HAWKINS
I say we use the 70 cal and the grenade launchers and run for our lives.

CURRAN
You'd have to be Arnold Palmer to land a grenade inside those revetments. Besides, the minute they hear any shooting, Jihad might shoot the whole load.

HAWKINS
So what's your plan?

CURRAN
Get close. Do it right.

HAWKINS
There's got to be two hundred hostiles on that site!

CURRAN
You and A-squad come in from the northeast, and hit the far group of launchers. I'll use the diversion to cross the courtyard and hit the near set of missiles. Jeeze'll take out the control vans.

HAWKINS
Thanks for handing me the short straw.

CURRAN
Wanna switch?

Hawkins stares at Curran.

HAWKINS
Forget it. Just tell me how I'm supposed to get out after I mark my position for the entire Iraqi army?

CURRAN
We'll cover your retreat.

Hawkins, resigned, gets ready for his assault.

HAWKINS
If I live through this, Morrison, I'm gonna marry your girl friend and break your face.

CURRAN
What happened to your death wish, Hawkins? It was your best quality.

Hawkins takes his squad away into the night. Curran watches them disappear.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

Ramos walks points, leading Hawkins and his squad down a debris-filled street. At a corner, Hawkins halts them and pulls Hamami forward.

HAWKINS
From here out, Hamami, you take point.

HAMAMI
Mr. Hawkins, I never learned how.

Hawkins exercises admiral self-restraint.

HAWKINS
No biggie, Sinbad. Just saunter right up to the launcher. With that AK and your jive, you can get close enough for Ramos to take a silencer shot.

Hamami screws up his courage. Hawkins hits his microphone.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
Bad Karma, this is Pitbull. Estimate contact in 3 minutes.

HILLTOP

Jeeze remains fixed to his sight. Curran is right beside him.

CURRAN
(into his mike)
Roger, Pitbull. Proceed to target.

Curran and his squad get ready to move in.

CURRAN (cont'd)
(to Jeeze)
If Hawkins or I get hit before we make the launchers, open up with the 70. Get the control vans first.

JEEZE
You got it, sir.

They share a look. This one isn't going to be easy.

JEEZE (cont'd)
Good luck, Mr. Morrison.

Curran leads his squad into the darkness.

EXT. GHOST TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Hamami inches forward. Ahead of him are the glottal sounds of Arabic. Hawkins and Ramos step up behind Hamami. Hawkins motions him on. Hamami bravely slings his AK and strides right for the voices.

MISSILE LAUNCH SITE - NIGHT

In the glow of headlights and spotlights, a Silkworm missile angles malevolently on it's launch rail. Several Technicians and Soldiers busy themselves on the missile and it's launcher.

Hamami steps into the light. A Soldier sees him. Hamami's AK and swarthy appearance lend him a moment of credibility.

HAMAMI
(in Arabic)
Habibi, got a cigarette?

As the Soldier reaches for the pack, Ramos fires. THUMP! The Soldier falls. Hamami spins the AK around and cuts down another Soldier as he attempts to unsling his weapon. The staccato BARK can be heard for miles. All hell breaks loose -- a lot faster than it takes to explain.

Hawkins and Kahuna run out in the open, guns blasting.

OTHER SIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Curran hears the SHOTS and jumps from around a corner.

CURRAN
GO! GO! GO!

BEHIND A REVETMENT

Abu Jihad and Colonel Rafiq are alarmed by the sound of the gunfire.

ON THE HILLTOP

Jeeze puts the crosshairs on a control van.

THE CONTROL VAN

is rocked by the impact of a .70 caliber armor-piercing round. From inside the van, a muffled WHUMP indicates detonation. The van begins to burn.

HAWKINS

hoses down the first revetment. Kahuna runs behind him, hangs a haversack of plastiques on the launcher, yanks the fuse lighter, and runs away.

KAABOOOOM! An explosion tears the courtyard as the first Silkworm detonates. The blast of the plastique is quadrupled by the missile's own fuel and warhead. The revetment is torn by the blast.

CURRAN

leads his squad over one of the dirt revetments and fires down onto the Technicians surrounding the missile. As the Technicians fall, Hollywood runs forward to hang a haversack of plastiques on the launcher.

CURRAN
Pull the fuse! Lets go!!!!

Boom. Need we say more?

COURTYARD

Abu Jihad and Colonel Rafiq yell orders. About a dozen terrorists and soldiers grab up their weapons and lay down a barrage at Hawkins and his men.

Hawkins steps from behind one of the trucks. His CAR-15 tears into several of the Terrorists.

As the rest of the squad lays down a withering barrage, Kahuna quickly places charges on a second missile.

KAAABBBOOOMMM!!

ABU JIHAD

runs toward the remaining control van...

WHUMP! Right before his eyes, a .70 cal round tears through it. Sparks fly as high voltage electronics short circuit in a dazzling display of pyrotechnics. His control vans destroyed, his missiles under attack, Abu Jihad motions his men to turn a machine gun toward Hawkins' advancing squad.

HOLLYWOOD

pulls the fuse lighter on one of the haversacks, lobs it over a rivetment, and keeps running. The explosion on the other side of the dirt mound is instant.

CURRAN

peers around one of the revetments. Gunfire from the other side tears the dirt around him. Curran backs off, draws his .12 gauge from its scabbard, and empties it around the revetment.

They make a run for it, clearing away opposition. Hollywood lobs the last charge, and they keep going. Behind them, the missile disappears in a huge fireball.

Curran starts to lead his squad to the defense of Hawkins, Kahuna, et al. Suddenly, Curran's position is engulfed by heavy fire. An Iraqi rifle squad has maneuvered on his flank. Curran's squad is utterly outgunned.

CURRAN
Pull back! Pull back!!!

Curran and his squad retreat into the abandoned streets, pursued by the Iraqi riflemen.

HAWKINS AND KAHUNA

Sprint for their sole remaining missile. Suddenly, heavy machine gun fire tears the street around them. Abu Jihad's men keep up the barrage as Kahuna and Hawkins dive for cover behind a burning jeep. Pinned, they can only watch as Abu Jihad's Technicians swarm over the remaining missile, frantically preparing it for manual launch.

On growling hydraulics, the missile turns and lifts itself into firing position.

CURRAN AND COMPANY

duck into a building and evade detection by their pursuers.

HAWKINS AND KAHUNA

peer at the missile, agonizingly out of reach.

KAHUNA
There's the one that got away.

HAWKINS
Bullshit.

Hawkins raises his CAR-15 and fires at the missile.

ON THE SILKWORM

Three neat holes appear in the fuselage, as Abu Jihad activates the fire control mechanism.

THE MISSILE FIRES

and rides a pillar of fire into the sky.

ALL THE SEALS

turn and watch, stunned.

THE SILKWORM

starts to wobble in flight, then it suddenly EXPLODES.

THE SEALS

display as much joy as their concealment allows.

HAWKINS AND KAHUNA

sprint from under the jeep and rejoin the rest of A-squad, still under fire from Rafiq's and Jihad's men.

HAWKINS
(tp Kahuna)
Get the squad into the buildings.
Get some high ground! Move out,
I'll cover you.

Hawkins loads a 40 millimeter grenade into the M-203 under his weapon -- and lets it fly at Abu Jihad's machine gun nest. KA-WHUMP! It's history.

Hawkins loads another one and fires. A bullet catches him in the elbow and knocks him to the pavement.

Hawkins retreats, pursued by large platoon of soldiers. He turns a corner and is yanked into building.

INT. DESERTED RESTAURANT

Kahuna and the squad are inside. A hole has been blown in the ceiling.

HAWKINS
Quick! On the roof.

OUTSIDE RESTAURANT

Abu Jihad and the platoon are right outside the building, but they've lost the trail.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT HOUSE

Curran and his squad haul ass up to Jeeze. Below them the village glows red in the light of the burning missiles.

CURRAN
(in microphone)
Ball Point, where's Pitbull?

JEEZE (O.S.)
He's trapped in a building.
They're closing in.

Curran is consumed with guilt. There's still heavy weapons fire resounding from the other side of the village.

CURRAN
Hollywood, Wipeout, go back and get the truck. If I'm not out with Hawkins in ten minutes, haul ass for the boats. Big Dog, Mongo, Doc, come with me!

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Climbing through a hole in the ceiling, Hawkins clambers up onto a tiled roof. Hamami and Ramos lay down covering fire so that Kahuna and Freak can retreat one at a time and join them up top.

Hawkins changes magazines on his weapon, rolls under cover, and thinks. You never knew thinking could be such hard work until you see the look on his face.

Rafiq's men are closing -- en masse. They're firing on the building, getting ready to storm in.

KAHUNA
This sucks. What now?

Down below in the street, several large explosions hit Rafiq's troops.

IN THE STREET

Curran fires a grenade launcher into the enemy ranks. Several nasty explosions temporarily rout their assault.

Curran, Doc, Mongo and Big Dog sprint across the street and cover the front of Hawkins' refuge.

CURRAN
Sonnnn, looked like you could use a little help.

Hawkins is definitely glad to see Curran. But more soldiers come up behind Curran and his squad, driving them into the very building they're trying to liberate.

Hawkins calls down from the rooftop.

HAWKINS
That was immensely stupid. Now we're both trapped.

Curran and his men join A-Squad on the rooftop.

CURRAN
Jeeze says the back way is still clear! Come on!

Curran turns and jumps to a neighboring roof. The others follow. A second later, a burst of fire tears the roof tiles around them. Abu Jihad's men open up from an adjacent building.

The Seals hunker behind a short wall, surrounded.

HAWKINS
Looks like Alamo time.

Hamami turns to Freak.

HAMAMI
You still got that radio? The one from the Iranian patrol?

FREAK
Yeah, why?

Hamami takes the handset and rotates the frequency knob. After a moment, he hears Iranian voices. Hamami jabbers into the handset in Farsi.

CURRAN
What are you doing?

HAMAMI
Calling in artillery.

FREAK
Iranian artillery?!

EXT. IRANIAN FIRE BASE - NIGHT

A REVOLUTIONARY GUARDSMAN presses a radio handset to his ear. Naturally, he speaks in subtitles.

GUARDSMAN
Station calling for fire support, this is Holy Fire, identify and give codeword...

ON THE ROOF

Curran pulls out a map as Hamami talks a good game.

HAMAMI
Holy fire, this is...

Hamami removes the handset from his mouth and deliberately garbles his voice.

HAMAMI
....code word is (more garbling) Fire mission follows. Iraqi troops in the open...

Curran holds the map up to Hamami and points out the coordinates.

HAMAMI (cont'd)
...coordinates 2341 7856, all guns, one salvo, spotter adjust...

EXT IRANIAN FIRE BASE - NIGHT

The Guardsman scribbles down the coordinates. He seems to think about it for a moment, then goes ahead and rings an alarm bell. Iranian gun crews scramble toward their weapons.

ON THE ROOF

Hamami listens to the radio.

HAWKINS
Did it work?

There is silence on the radio.

HAMAMI
I don't know.

From the street below, the battle cry lifts again. Rafiq and Jihad's men are rallying.

KAHUNA
Rig for shit storm.

The Seals begin firing down into the street. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid had more of a chance against the Bolivian army. Suddenly there is a TEARING SOUND...the rip of incoming artillery. A 155 shell crashes down among Abu Jihad's men. Then another. And another!

CURRAN
It worked! It fucking worked!

HAWKINS
I don't fuckin' believe it. The fuckin' Iranians.

The whole platoon hugs Hamami.

EXT. IRANIAN FIRE BASE

Gun crews furiously load and fire, load and fire.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Hammered by the Iranian barrage, the Iraqis and Terrorists scurry for cover. A solid wall of fire drops between them and the Seals. Curran and crew waste no time jumping from the roof and hauling ass.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Jeeze, Hollywood, and Wipeout watch, astonished, as the squads sprint up the hill.

JEEZE
What in the hell was that?!

CURRAN
Praise Allah...a miracle.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The truck roars to life as the Seals clamber aboard. Down the road, headlights are closing in.

Hamami swings his AK over the tailgate.

HAMAMI
(firing a burst)
Company's comin'!

Kahuna stuffs the remaining demolitions into a rucksack. Using his teeth, he crimps a blasting cap to a strand of detcord.

Gunfire rakes the truck. With a dull THUD, a round smashes into Hamami's chest. He sprawls back, nearly on top of Kahuna.

Kahuna drops his rucksack and takes Hamami into his arms, immediately pressing a dressing onto the wound.

KAHUNA
DOC UP!!!! DOC!

Doc is over in a second. Hamami bravely bears up under the pain.

Kahuna, furious, gets to his feet, storms to the tailgate, yanks a fuse lighter, and swings the rucksack from the truck with a unearthly HOWL.

ON THE ROAD

The first Iraqi truck tries to swerve around the rucksack in the road, but the charge detonates, spinning and flipping the truck like a crap shoot. Flaming wreckage blocks the roadway.

IN A JEEP

Abu Jihad shields his eyes from the inferno up ahead. His jeep skids to a stop.

INT. TRUCK

Doc lifts the bandage from Hamami's chest. What he sees isn't good. Kahuna sits down next to his new guy.

KAHUNA
Come on, Sinbad, don't you fucking die on me.

Doc hurriedly prepares a syringe. Hamami is slipping away.

KAHUNA (cont'd)
Don't you queer my record. I got twenty years in the Teams, and I've never lost a new guy in the field.

A smile comes over Hamami's face.

HAMAMI
(almost a whisper)
Hey, Kahuna....case of beer.

Hamami's arm falls limp. Doc drops the syringe.

Kahuna just stares for moment. Then he reaches inside his flack jacket and rips the gold Budweiser from his uniform. The Master Chief pins the eagle on Hamami's bloody shirt.

FROM THE ROAD

The truck recedes into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

Hollywood and Wipeout wrestle the two mysterious couch-sized bundles from the mud where they were hidden. They pull lanyards, and the bundles instantly blossom into FOUR ZODIAC black rubber inflatable boats. Big Dog and Mongo remove outboard motors from waterproof "clamshell" cases and bolt them onto the transoms. They start up the motors.

The Seals pile in. Kahuna sets Hamami's body next to him.

The Zodiacs take off down the Euphrates. It's starting to feel like the worst is over.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZODIAC - NIGHT

The four Zodiacs reach the mouth of the Euphrates. The Persian Gulf opens up around them.

With the wind and spray in their faces, Curran and Hawkins grin at each other with mutual and self-congratulation. Hawkins pulls out a stick of Juicy Fruit and shoves it in his mouth.

CURRAN
I think the macho meter is about pegged out for the night.

HAWKINS
Son, I didn't know you had a macho meter.

CURRAN
Nearly got it shot off going back for your sorry ass.

HAWKINS
That was your mistake.

CURRAN
(significantly)
Sometimes I make mistakes.

HAWKINS
Hey, if I ever make one, let me know.

As they clear a steep cliff wall....ggrrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

The SOUND OF A DINOSAUR AWAKENING.

The 56' Osprey Patrol Boat (the one that pinned Hawkins and Wipeout at the wharf) roars from the mouth of a hidden cove. Abu Jihad stands on the bridge. The Osprey rises out of the water as it accelerates to 40 knots.

Instantly overtaking the formation of Zodiacs, the Osprey heads straight for Mongo's craft. The bow of the patrol boat savagely cleaves the Zodiac, exploding the inflatable tubes and scattering men, weapons, and equipment.

Wrenching back on the tiller, Hawkins spins his Zodiac into a tight turn, narrowly avoiding the same fate.

All three operative Zodiacs turn on dimes, converge on the wreckage, and begin to pluck the survivors from the water. Mongo and Doc are bleeding.

PATROL BOAT

The much larger Osprey slows and makes a wide U-turn, heading back for another run. On deck, all hands take up stations behind formidable guns.

ZODIACS

Kahuna pulls Mongo into his boat. Curran yells to him.

CURRAN
Separate and head for the shallows! We'll attract their attention.

All the Zodiacs take off in different directions.

CURRAN AND HAWKINS' ZODIAC

HAWKINS
Attract their attention? What're we gonna do when we get it?

Curran spreads his feet. Beneath him, strapped to the forward tube, is a LAAW ROCKET -- a 2.5 inch, armor-piercing, rocket-propelled whamma-jamma. Curran unstraps it and starts preparing it for use.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
You brought a LAAW rocket?

CURRAN
(unstrapping rocket)
That's why they call me "sir."

HAWKINS
Ya know, both of us don't have to attract their attention.

CURRAN
Hop off. Kahuna'll pick you up.

HAWKINS
You hop off.

CURRAN
We haven't got time for this.

HAWKINS
I'll go. I'm a better operator.

CURRAN
The hell you are.

As Curran finishes getting the rocket ready, Hawkins pulls a quarter from his pocket.

HAWKINS
We'll flip. Call it in the air.

As Hawkins flips the coin, Curran kicks him out of the boat.

CURRAN
Sonnn, take care of yourself.

Curran twists the throttle and roars away. Hawkins takes the wad of gum from his mouth.

HAWKINS
Wait!

Hawkins throws the wad of gum at Curran. It falls in the water with a helpless PLINK.

Hawkins treads water and watches Curran head straight for the approaching patrol boat.

THE OTHER TWO ZODIACS

Virtually sitting ducks, they hide in the dark shallows, waiting for the outcome.

PATROL BOAT

Abu Jihad stands on the bridge, scouring the water for the nearly invisible Zodiacs. The bow gun turns, and its spotlight illuminates Curran.

The cannon opens up, spewing 40mm shells directly at him. This mother chews BIG holes in the ocean. In a flash, the Zodiac is reduced to shredded rubber.

HAWKINS

shrinks into himself, devastated.

OTHER TWO ZODIACS

Kahuna and the others mourn for Curran...and themselves.

THE PATROL BOAT

creeps toward the wreckage, ready to administer the coup de grace.

THE WRECKAGE

stirs. An arm appears from the water. Badly wounded, Curran pulls himself onto a half-inflated tube. In his hand is the LAAW rocket.

The THROBBING of the Osprey's engines is loud. They're close. Real close. The spotlight bathes the wreckage in cold incandescence.

Curran surges out of the water, raising the launcher to his shoulder.

On deck, the enemy opens up. Rifle fire tears into Curran. He jerks wildly as the bullets rip through his flesh.

Operating on will alone, Curran squeezes the trigger.

The rocket leaves the launcher in a blinding flash and streaks right for the bridge -- and Abu Jihad.

IMPACT!! The rocket evaporates the forward portion of the boat -- and everyone on it.

Ripped stem to stern, the burning hulk of the vessel immediately heels over and begins to sink.

ZODIACS

Bathed in red light, Kahuna, Doc, Freak, Hollywood, Big Dog, Wipeout, Mongo, and Ramos stare, transfixed, at the burning vessel. They are torn between grief and relief.

Kahuna slowly noses his Zodiac toward Hawkins, who floats in the glowing red water, bereft.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AT SEA - DAWN

The rising sun glows softly on the horizon. The sea is calm, but the surface flutters under the beating of a helicopter's rotors.

Hawkins sits in a Zodiac and fits a yellow rescue collar under the shoulders of Curran's dead body. Kahuna stands behind Hawkins and snaps a hook into a ring of the rescue collar.

Curran's body is draped across Hawkins' lap like some kind of macho pieta.

Kahuna puts a hand on Hawkins' shoulder.

KAHUNA
Ready?

Drawn from his reverie, Hawkins nods.

Kahuna gives the signal, and Curran's limp body is drawn up, out of Hawkins' arms.

HAWKINS' POV

Curran's body ascends to the helicopter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLIGHT DECK OF AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DUSK

Hawkins stands alone on the forward edge of the deserted flight deck, his arm in a sling, his uniform blowing in the wind. He stares at the setting sun.

Mara sees him at a distance...hesitates...walks over to him. He doesn't acknowledge her presence.

Mara agonizes, waiting for a sign. She reaches out her hand to his shoulder, but draws it back.

Mara turns and heads back down the flight deck.

Hawkins' eyes look to the side, after her.

After an unbearable moment, he turns.

HAWKINS
Mara...

She stops.

Hawkins walks over to her. Touches her cheek. Holds her.

Hawkins' face floods with emotion -- great pain, great need, great comfort.

HAWKINS
Sometimes it takes me a while to unwind after an op.

She nods with understanding.

HAWKINS (cont'd)
See you back home?

Mara nods.

They look at each other, squeezes hands, and then Mara goes down below.

Hawkins stands alone on the flight deck...

...as the camera pulls away.

THE END